

THE
CORNHILL MAGAZINE.

MAY 1903.

*BARLASCH OF THE GUARD.*¹

BY HENRY SETON MERRIMAN.

CHAPTER XIII.

IN THE DAY OF REJOICING.

Truth though it crush me.

THE door of the room stood open, and the sound of a step in the passage made Désirée glance up, as she hastily put together the papers found on the battlefield of Borodino.

Louis d'Arragon was coming into the room, and for an instant, before his expression changed, she saw all the fatigue that he must have gone through during the night; all that he must have risked. His face was usually still and quiet; a combination of that contemplative calm which characterises seafaring faces, and the clean-cut immobility of a racial type developed by hereditary duties of self-restraint and command.

He knew that there had been a battle and, seeing the papers on the table, his eyes asked her the inevitable question which his lips were slow to put into words.

In reply Désirée shook her head. She looked at the papers in quick thought. Then she withdrew from them the letter written to her by Charles— and put the others together.

'You told me to send for you,' she said in a quiet, tired voice, 'if I wanted you. You have saved me the trouble.'

His eyes were hard with anxiety as he looked at her. She held the letters towards him.

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VOL. XIV.—NO. 83, N.S.

'By coming,' she added, with a glance at him which took in the dust, and the stains of salt-water on his clothes, the fatigue he sought to conceal by a rigid stillness, and the tension that was left by the dangers he had passed through—daring all—to come.

Seeing that he looked doubtfully at the papers, she spoke again.

'One,' she said, 'that one on the stained paper, is addressed to me. You can read it—since I ask you.'

The letter told him, at all events, that Charles was not killed and, seeing his face clear as he read, she gave an odd curt laugh.

'Read the others,' she said. 'Oh! you need not hesitate. You need not be so particular. Read one, the top one. One is enough.'

The windows stood open, and the morning breeze fluttering the curtains brought in the gay sound of bells, the high clear bells of Hanseatic days, rejoicing at Napoleon's new success—by order of Napoleon. A bee sailed harmoniously into the room, made the circuit of it, and sought the open again with a hum that faded drowsily into silence.

D'Arragon read the letter slowly from beginning to the unsigned end, while Désirée, sitting at the table, upon which she leant one elbow, resting her small square chin in the palm of her hand, watched him.

'Ah!' she exclaimed at length, with a ring of contempt in her voice, as if at the thought of something unclean. 'A spy! It is so easy for you to keep still, and to hide all you feel.'

D'Arragon folded the letter slowly. It was the fatal letter written in the upper room in the shoemaker's house in Königsberg in the Neuer Markt, where the linden trees grow close to the window. In it Charles spoke lightly of the sacrifice he had made in leaving Désirée on his wedding-day, to do the Emperor's bidding. It was indeed the greatest sacrifice that man can make; for he had thrown away his honour.

'It may not be so easy as you think,' returned d'Arragon, looking towards the door.

He had no time to say more; for Mathilde and her father were talking together on the stairs as they came down. D'Arragon thrust the letters into his pocket, the only indication he had time to give to Désirée of the policy they must pursue. He stood

facing the door, alert and quiet, with only a moment in which to shape the course of more than one life.

'There is good news, Monsieur,' he said to Sebastian. 'Though I did not come to bring it.'

Sebastian pointed interrogatively to the open window, where the sound of the bells seemed to emphasise the sunlight and the freshness of the morning.

'No—not that,' returned d'Arragon. 'It is a great victory, they tell me; but it is hard to say whether such news would be good or bad. It was of Charles that I spoke. He is safe—Madame has heard.'

He spoke rather slowly, and turned towards Désirée with a measured gesture, not unlike Sebastian's habitual manner, and a quick glance to satisfy himself that she had understood and was ready.

'Yes,' said Désirée, 'he was safe and well after the battle, but he gives no details; for the letter was actually written the day before.'

'With a mere word, added in postscriptum, to say that he was unhurt at the end of the day,' suggested Sebastian, already drawing forward a chair with a gesture full of hospitality, inviting d'Arragon to be seated at the simple breakfast-table. But d'Arragon was looking at Mathilde, who had gone rather hurriedly to the window, as if to breathe the air. He had caught a glimpse of her face as she passed. It was hard and set, quite colourless, with bright sleepless eyes. D'Arragon was a sailor. He had seen that look in rougher faces and sterner eyes, and knew what it meant.

'No details?' asked Mathilde in a muffled voice, without looking round.

'No,' answered Désirée, who had noticed nothing. How much more clearly we should understand what is going on around us if we had no secrets of our own to defend! We might even turn aside to help a neighbour, if we had not already more than we can carry.

In obedience to Sebastian's gesture, d'Arragon took a chair, and even as he did so Mathilde came to the table, calm and mistress of herself again, to pour out the coffee, and do the honours of the simple meal. D'Arragon, besides having acquired the seaman's habit of adapting himself unconsciously and unobtrusively to his surroundings, was of a direct mind, lacking

self-consciousness, and simplified by the pressure of a strong and steady purpose. For men's minds are like the atmosphere, which is always cleared by a steady breeze, while a changing wind generates vapours, mist, uncertainty.

'And what news do you bring from the sea?' asked Sebastian. 'Is your sky there as overcast as ours in Dantzic?'

'No, Monsieur, our sky is clearing,' answered d'Arragon, eating with a hearty appetite the fresh bread and butter set before him. 'Since I saw you the treaties have been signed, as you doubtless know, between Sweden and Russia and England.'

Nodding his head with silent emphasis, Sebastian gave it to be understood that he knew that and more.

'It makes a great difference to us at sea in the Baltic,' said d'Arragon. 'We are no longer harassed night and day, like a dog, hounded from end to end of a hostile street, not daring to look into any doorway. The Russian ports and Swedish ports are open to us now.'

'One is glad to hear that your life is one of less hardship,' said Sebastian gravely. 'I . . . who have tasted it.'

Désirée glanced at his lean, hard face. She rose, went out of the room, and returned in a few minutes carrying a new loaf which she set on the table before him with a short laugh, and something glistening in her eyes that was not mirth.

But neither Désirée nor Mathilde joined in the conversation. They were glad for their father to have a companion so sympathetic as to produce a marked difference in his manner. For Sebastian was more at ease with Louis d'Arragon than he was with Charles, though the latter had the tie of a common fatherland, and spoke the same French that Sebastian spoke. D'Arragon's French had the roundness always imparted to that language by an English voice. It was perfect enough, but of an educated perfection.

The talk was of such matters as concerned men more than women; of armies and war and treaties of peace. For all the world thought that Alexander of Russia would be brought to his knees by the battle of Borodino. A hundred years ago, moreover, women did not know their place as they do to-day. They ignored the primary ethics of the equality of the sexes, and did not know that a woman's opinion is always of immense value, whether she know anything of the matter or not.

Save for the one reference to his life in the Baltic during the

past two months, d'Arragon said nothing of himself, of his patient dogged work carried on by day and by night in all weathers. Content to have escaped with his life, he neither referred to, nor thought of, his part in the negotiations which had resulted in the treaty just signed. For he had been the link between Russia and England; the never-failing messenger passing from one to the other with question and answer which were destined to bear fruit at last in an understanding brought to perfection in Paris, culminating at Elba.

Both were guarded in what they said of passing events, and both seemed to doubt the truth of the reports now flying through the streets of Dantzic. Even in the quiet Frauengasse all the citizens were out on their terraces calling questions to those that passed by beneath the trees. The itinerant tradesman, the milkman going his round, the vendors of fruit from Langfuhr and the distant villages of the plain, lingered at the doors to tell the servants the latest gossip of the market-place. Even in this frontier city, full of spies, strangers spoke together in the streets, and the sound of their voices, raised above the clang of carillons, came in at the open window.

'At first a victory is always a great one,' said d'Arragon, looking towards the window.

'It is so easy to ring a bell,' added Sebastian, with his rare smile.

He was quite himself this morning, and only once did the dull look arrest his features into the stony stillness which his daughters knew.

'You are the only one of your name in Dantzic,' said d'Arragon, in the course of question and answer as to the safe delivery of letters in time of war.

'So far as I know there is no other Sebastian,' replied he; and Désirée, who had guessed the motive of the question, which must have been in d'Arragon's mind from the beginning, was startled by the fulness of the answer. It seemed to make reply to more than d'Arragon had asked. It shattered the last faint hope that there might have been another Sebastian of whom Charles had written.

'For myself,' said d'Arragon, changing the subject quickly, 'I can now make sure of receiving letters addressed to me in the care of the English Consul at Riga, or the Consul at Stockholm, should you wish to communicate with me, or should Madame find leisure to give me news of her husband.'

'*Désirée* will no doubt take pleasure in keeping you advised of Charles's progress. As for myself, I fear I am a bad correspondent. Perhaps not a desirable one in these days,' said Sebastian, his face slowly clearing. He waved the point aside with a gesture that looked out of place on a hand lean and spare, emerging from a shabby brown sleeve without cuff or ruffle.

'For I feel assured,' he went on, 'that we shall continue to near good news of your cousin; not only that he is safe and well, but that he makes progress in his profession. He will go far, I am sure.'

D'Arragon bowed his acknowledgment of this kind thought and rose rather hastily.

'My best chance of quitting the city unseen,' he said, 'is to pass through the gates with the market people returning to the villages. To do that I must not delay.'

'The streets are so full,' replied Sebastian, glancing out of the window, 'that you will pass through them unnoticed. I see beneath the trees a neighbour, Koch the locksmith, who is perhaps waiting to give me news. While you are saying farewell, I will go out and speak to him. What he has to tell may interest you and your comrades at sea—may help your escape from the city this morning.'

He took his hat as he spoke and went to the door. Mathilde, thirsting for the news that seemed to hum in the streets like the sound of bees, rose and followed him. *Désirée* and d'Arragon were left alone. She had gone to the window, and turning there she looked back at him over her shoulder, where he stood by the door watching her.

'So, you see,' she said, 'there is no other Sebastian.'

D'Arragon made no reply. She came nearer to him, her blue eyes sombre with contempt for the man she had married. Suddenly she pointed to the chair which d'Arragon had just vacated.

'That is where he sat. He has eaten my father's salt a hundred times,' she said, with a short laugh. For whithersoever civilisation may take us, we must still go back to certain primæval laws of justice between man and man.

'You judge too hastily,' said d'Arragon; but she interrupted him with a gesture of warning.

'I have not judged hastily,' she said. 'You do not understand. You think I judge from that letter. That is only a

confirmation of something that has been in my mind for a long time—ever since my wedding-day. I knew when you came into the room upstairs on that day that you did not trust Charles.'

'I——?' he asked.

'Yes,' she answered, standing squarely in front of him and looking him in the eyes. 'You did not trust him. You were not glad that I had married him. I could see it in your face. I have never forgotten.'

D'Arragon turned away towards the window. Sebastian and Mathilde were in the street below, in the shade of the trees, talking with the eager neighbours.

'You would have stopped it if you could,' said Désirée; and he did not deny it.

'It was some instinct,' he said at length. 'Some passing misgiving.'

'For Charles?' she asked sharply.

And d'Arragon, looking out of the window, would not answer. She gave a sudden laugh.

'One cannot compliment you on your politeness,' she said. 'Was it for Charles that you had misgivings?'

At last d'Arragon turned on his heel.

'Does it matter?' he asked. 'Since I came too late.'

'That is true,' she said, after a pause. 'You came too late; so it doesn't matter. And the thing is done now, and I . . . , well, I suppose I must do what others have done before me—I must make the best of it.'

'I will help you,' said d'Arragon slowly, almost carefully, 'if I can.'

He was still avoiding her eyes, still looking out of the window. Sebastian was coming up the steps.

CHAPTER XIV.

MOSCOW.

Nothing is so disappointing as failure—except success.

WHILE the Dantzigers with grave faces discussed the news of Borodino beneath the trees in the Frauengasse, Charles Darragon, white with dust, rose in his stirrups to catch the first sight of the domes and cupolas of Moscow.

It was a sunny morning, and the gold on the churches gleamed and glittered in the shimmering heat like fairyland. Charles had ridden to the summit of a hill and sat for a moment, as others had done, in silent contemplation. Moscow at last! All around him men were shouting: 'Moscow! Moscow!' Grave, white-haired generals waved their shakos in the air. Those at the summit of the hill called the others to come. Far down in the valley, where the dust raised by thousands of feet hung in the air like a mist, a faint sound like the roar of falling water could be heard. It was the word 'Moscow!' sweeping back to the rearmost ranks of these starving men who had marched for two months beneath the glaring sun, parched with dust, through a country that seemed to them a Sahara. Every house they approached, they had found deserted. Every barn was empty. The very crops ripening to harvest had been gathered in and burnt. Near to the miserable farmhouses, a pile of ashes hardly cold marked where the poor furniture had been tossed upon the fire kindled with the year's harvest.

Everywhere it was the same. There are, as God created it, few countries of a sadder aspect than that which spreads between the Moskwa and the Vistula. But it has been decreed by the dim laws of Race that the ugly countries shall be blessed with the greater love of their children, while men born in a beautiful land seem readiest to emigrate from it and make the best settlers in a new home. There is only one country in the world with a ring-fence round it. If a Russian is driven from his home he will go to another part of Russia: there is always room.

Before the advance of the spoilers, chartered by their leader to unlimited and open rapine—indeed, he had led them hither with that understanding—the Russians, peasant and noble alike, fled to the East. A hundred times the advance guard, fully alive to the advantages of their position, had raced to the gates of a château only to find, on breaking open the doors, that it was empty—the furniture destroyed, the stores burnt, the wine poured out.

So also in the peasants' huts. Some, more careful than the rest, had pulled the thatch from the roof to burn it. There was no corn in this the Egypt of their greedy hopes. And, lest they should bring the corn with them, the spoilers found the mills everywhere wrecked.

It was something new to them. It was new to Napoleon,

who had so frequently been met half-way, who knew that men for greed will part smilingly with half in order to save the residue. He knew that many, rather than help a neighbour who is in danger by a robber, will join the robber and share the spoil, crying out that *force majeure* was used to them.

But, as every man must judge according to his lights, so must even the greatest find himself in the dark at last. No man of the Latin race will ever understand the Slav. And because the beginning is easy—because in certain superficial tricks of speech and thought Paris and Petersburg are not unlike—so much the more is the breach widened when necessity digs deeper than the surface. For, to make the acquaintance of a stranger who seems to be a counterpart of oneself in thought and taste, is like the first hearing of a kindred language such as Dutch to the English ear. At first it sounds like one's own tongue with a hundred identical words, but on closer listening it will be found that the words mean something else, and that the whole is incomprehensible and the more difficult to acquire by the very reason of its resemblance.

Napoleon thought that the Russians would act as his enemies of the Latin race had acted. He thought that like his own people they would be over-confident, urging each other on to great deeds by loud words and a hundred boasts. But the Russians lack self-confidence, are timid rather than over-bold, dreamy rather than fiery. Only their women are glib of speech. He thought that they would begin very brilliantly and end with a compromise, heart-breaking at first and soon lived down.

'They are savages out here in the plains,' he said. 'It is a barbaric and stupid instinct that makes them destroy their own property for the sake of hampering us. As we approach Moscow we shall find that the more civilised inhabitants of the villages, enervated by an easy life, rendered selfish by possession of wealth, will not abandon their property, but will barter and sell to us and find themselves the victims of our might.'

And the army believed him. For they always believed him. Faith can, indeed, move mountains. It carried four hundred thousand men, without provisions, through a barren land.

And now, in sight of the golden city, the army was still hungry. Nay! it was ragged already. In three columns it converged on the doomed capital, driving before it like a swarm of flies the Cossacks who harassed the advance.

Here again, on the hill looking down into the smiling valley of the Moskwa, the unexpected awaited the invaders. The city, shimmering in the sunlight like the realisation of some Arab's dream, was silent. The Cossacks had disappeared. Except those around the Kremlin, towering above the river, the city had no walls.

The army halted while aides-de-camp flew hither and thither on their weary horses. Charles Darragon, sunburnt, dusty, hoarse with cheering, was among the first. He looked right and left for de Casimir, but could not see him. He had not seen his chief since Borodino, for he was temporarily attached to the staff of Prince Eugene, who had lost heavily at the Kalugha river.

It was usual for the army to halt before a beleaguered city and await the advent in all humility of the vanquished. Usually it was the mayor of a town who came, followed by his councillors in their robes, to explain that the army had abandoned the city, which now begged to throw itself upon the mercy of the conqueror.

For this the army waited on that sunny September morning.

'He is putting on his robes,' they said gaily. 'He is new to this work.'

But the mayor of Moscow disappointed them. At last the troops moved on and camped for the night in a village under the Kremlin walls. It was here that Charles received a note from de Casimir.

'I am slightly wounded,' wrote that officer, 'but am following the army. At Borodino my horse was killed under me, and I was thrown. While I was insensible I was robbed and lost what money I had, as well as my despatch-case. In the latter was the letter you wrote to your wife. It is lost, my friend; you must write another.'

Charles was tired. He would put off till to-morrow, he thought, and write to Désirée from Moscow. As he lay, all dressed, on the hard ground, he fell to thinking of what he should write to Désirée to-morrow from Moscow. The mere date and address of such a letter would make her love him the more, he thought; for, like his leaders, he was dazed by a surfeit of glory.

As he fell asleep smiling at these happy reflections, Désirée, far away in Dantzic, was locking in her bureau the letter which had been lost and found again; while, on the deck of his ship,

lifting gently to the tideway where the Vistula sweeps out into the Dantziger Bucht, Louis d'Arragon stood fingering reflectively in his jacket pocket the unread papers which had fallen from the same despatch-case. For it is a very small world in which to do wrong, though if a man do a little good in his lifetime it is—heaven knows—soon mislaid and trodden under the feet of the newcomers.

The next day it was definitely ascertained that the citizens of Moscow had no communication to make to the conquering leaders. Soon after daylight the army moved towards the city. The suburbs were deserted. The houses stood with closed shutters and locked doors. Not so much as a dog awaited the triumphant entry through the city gates.

Long streets without a living being from end to end met the eyes of those daring organisers of triumphal entries who had been sent forward to clear a path and range the respectful citizens on either hand. But there were no citizens. There was not a single witness to this triumph of the greatest army the world had seen, led across Europe by the first captain in all history to conquer a virgin capital.

The various corps marched to their quarters in silence, with nervous glances at the shuttered windows. Some, breaking rank, ventured into the churches which stood open. The candles were lighted on the altars, they reported to their comrades in a hushed voice when they returned, but there was no one there.

Certain palaces were selected as headquarters for the general officers and the chiefs of various departments. As often as not a summons would be answered and the door opened by an obsequious porter, who handed the keys to the first-comer. But he spoke no French, and only cringed in silence when addressed. Other doors were broken in.

It was like a play acted in dumb show on an immense stage. It was disquieting and incomprehensible even to the oldest campaigner, while the young fire-eaters, fresh from St. Cyr, were strangely depressed by it. There was a smell of sour smoke in the air, a suggestion of inevitable tragedy.

On the Krasnaya Plöschad—the great Red Square, which is the central point of the old town—the soldiers were already buying and selling the spoil wrested from the burning Exchange. It seemed that the citizens before leaving had collected their merchandise in this building to burn it. To the rank-and-file

this meant nothing but an incomprehensible stupidity. To the educated and the thoughtful it was another evidence of that dumb and sullen capacity for infinite self-sacrifice which makes Russians different from any other race, and which has yet to be reckoned with in the history of the world. For it will tend to the greatest good of the greatest number, and is a power for national aggrandisement quite unattainable by any Latin people.

Charles, with the other officers of Prince Eugene's staff, was quartered in a palace on the Petrovka—that wide street running from the Kremlin northward to the boulevards and the parks. Going towards it he passed through the bazaars and the merchants' quarters, where, like an army of rag-pickers, the eager looters were silently hurrying from heap to heap. Every warehouse had, it seemed, been ransacked and its contents thrown out into the streets. The first-comers had hurried on, seeking something more valuable, more portable, leaving the later arrivals to turn over their garbage like dogs upon a dust-heap.

The Petrovka is a long street of great houses, and was now deserted. The pillagers were nervous and ill at ease, as men must always be in the presence of something they do not understand. The most experienced of them—and there were some famous robbers in Murat's vanguard—had never seen an empty city abandoned all standing, as the Russians had abandoned Moscow. They felt apprehensive of the unknown. Even the least imaginative of them looked askance at the tall houses, at the open doors of the empty churches, and they kept together for company's sake.

Charles's rooms were in the Momonoff Palace, where even the youngest lieutenant had vast apartments assigned to him. It was in one of these—a lady's boudoir, where his dust-covered baggage had been thrown down carelessly by his orderly on a blue satin sofa—that he sat down to write to *Désirée*.

His emotions had been stirred by all that he had passed through—by the first sight of Moscow, by the passage beneath the Gate of the Redeemer, where every man must uncover and only Napoleon dared to wear a hat; by the bewildering sense of triumph and the knowledge that he was taking part in one of the epochs of man's history on this earth. The emotions lie very near together, so that laughter being aroused must also touch on tears, and hatred being kindled warms the heart to love.

And here, in this unknown woman's room, with the very pen that she had thrown aside, Charles, who wrote and spoke his love with such facility, wrote to Désirée a love-letter such as he had never written before.

When it was sealed and addressed he called his orderly to take it to the officer to whose duty it fell to make up the courier for Germany. But he received no reply. The man had joined his comrades in the busier quarters of the city. Charles went to the head of the stairs and called again, with no better success. The house was comparatively modern, built on the familiar lines of a Parisian *hôtel*, with a wide stair descending to an entrance archway where carriages passed through into a courtyard.

Descending the stairs, Charles found that even the sentry had absented himself from his duty. His musket, leant against the post of the stone doorway, indicated that he was not far. Listening in the silence of that great house, Charles heard someone at work with hammer and chisel in the courtyard. He went there, and found the sentry kneeling at a low door, endeavouring to break it open. The man had not been idle; from a piece of rope slung across his back half a dozen clocks were suspended. They rattled together like the wares of a travelling tinsmith at every movement of his arms.

'What are you doing there, my friend?' asked Charles.

The man held up one finger over his shoulder without looking round, and shook it from side to side, as not desiring to be interrupted.

'The cellar,' he answered, 'always the cellar. It is human nature. We get it from the animals.'

He glanced round as he worked, and, perceiving that he had been addressing an officer, he scrambled to his feet with a grumbled curse. He was an old man, baked by the sun. The wrinkles in his face were filled with dust. Since quitting the banks of the Vistula no opportunity for ablution seemed to have presented itself to him. He stood at attention, his lips working over sunken gums.

'I want you to take this letter,' said Charles, 'to the officer on service at headquarters, and ask him to include it in his courier. It is, as you see, a private letter—to my wife at Dantzic.'

The man looked at it, and grumbled something inaudible. He took it in his hand and turned it over with the slow manner of the illiterate.

CHAPTER XV.

THE GOAL.

God writes straight on crooked lines.

CHARLES, having given his letter to the sentry with the order to take it to its immediate destination, turned towards the stairs again. In those days an order was given in a different tone from that which servitude demands in later times.

He returned to his room on the first floor without even waiting to make sure that he would be obeyed. He had scarcely seated himself when, after a fumbling knock, the sentry opened the door and followed him into the room, still holding the letter in his hand.

'Mon capitaine,' he said with a certain calmness of manner as from an old soldier to a young one, 'a word—that is all. This letter,' he turned it in his hand as he spoke, and looking at Charles beneath scowling brows awaited an explanation. 'Did you pick it up?'

'No—I wrote it.'

'Good. I . . .' he paused, and tapped himself on the chest so that there could be no mistake; there was a rattling sound behind him suggestive of ironware. Indeed, he was hung about with other things than clocks, and seemed to be of opinion that if a soldier sets value upon any object he must attach it to his person. 'I, Barlasch of the Guard—Marengo, the Danube, Egypt—picked up after Borodino a letter like it. I cannot read very quickly—indeed——Bah! the old Guard needs no pens and paper—but that letter I picked up was just like this.'

'Was it addressed like that to Madame Désirée Darragon?'

'So a comrade told me. It is you, her husband?'

'Yes,' answered Charles, 'since you ask; I am her husband.'

'Ah!' replied Barlasch darkly, and his limbs and features settled themselves into a patient waiting.

'Well,' asked Charles, 'what are you waiting for?'

'Whatever you may think proper, mon capitaine, for I gave the letter to the surgeon who promised that it should be forwarded to its address.'

Charles laughingly sought his purse. But there was nothing in it, so he looked round the room.

Here, add this to your collection,' and he took a small French clock from the writing-table, a pretty, gilded toy from Paris.

'Thank you, mon capitaine.'

Barlasch, with shaking fingers, unknotted the rope around his shoulders. As he was doing so one of the clocks on his back began to strike. He paused, and stood looking gravely at his superior officer. Another clock took up the tale and a third, while Barlasch sternly stood at attention.

'Four o'clock,' he said to himself, 'and I, who have not yet breakfasted——'

With a grunt and a salute he turned towards the door which stood open. Someone was coming up the stairs rather slowly, his spurs clinking, his scabbard clashing against the gilded banisters. Papa Barlasch stood aside at attention, and Colonel de Casimir came into the room with a gay word of greeting. Barlasch went out but he did not close the door. It is to be presumed that he stood without, where he might have overheard all that they said to each other for quite a long time, until it was almost the half-hour when the clocks would strike again. But de Casimir, perceiving that the door was open closed it quietly from within, and Barlasch, shut out on the wide landing, made a grimace at the massive woodwork before turning to descend the stairs.

It was the middle of September and the days were shortening. The dusk of evening had already closed over the city when de Casimir and Charles at length came down stairs. No one had troubled to open the shutters of such rooms as were not required; and these were many. For Moscow was even at that day a great city, though less spacious and more fantastic than it is to-day. There was plenty of room for the whole army in the houses left empty by their owners, so that many lodged as they had never lodged before and would never lodge again.

The stairs were almost dark when Charles and his companion descended them. The rusted musket poised against the door-post indicated the supposed presence of a sentry.

'Listen,' said Charles, 'I found him burrowing like a rat at a cellar-door in the courtyard. Perhaps he has got in.'

They listened, but could hear nothing. Charles led the way towards the courtyard. A glimmer of light guided him to the door he sought. It stood open. Barlasch had succeeded in effecting an entry to the cellar, where his experience taught him to seek the best that an abandoned house contains.

Charles and de Casimir peered down the narrow stairs. By the light of a candle Barlasch was working vigorously amid a

confused pile of cases, and furniture, and roughly tied bundles of clothing. He had laid aside nothing, and his movements were attended by the usual rattle of hollow-ware. They could see the perspiration gleaming on his face. Even in this cellar there dwelt the faint smell of sour smoke that filled the air of Moscow.

De Casimir caught the gleam of jewellery and went hurriedly downstairs.

'What are you doing there, my friend?' he asked, and the words were scarcely out of his mouth, when Barlasch extinguished his candle. There followed a dead silence, such as comes when a rodent is disturbed at his work. The two men on the cellar stairs were conscious of the gaze of the bright, rat-like eyes below.

De Casimir turned and followed Charles upstairs again.

'Come up,' he said, 'and go to your post.'

There was no movement in response.

'Name of a dog,' cried de Casimir, 'is all discipline relaxed? Come up, I tell you, and obey my orders.'

He emphasised his command with the cocking of a pistol, and a slight disturbance in the darkness of the cellar heralded the unwilling approach of Barlasch, who climbed the stairs step by step like a schoolboy coming to punishment.

'It is I who found the door, mon colonel, behind that pile of firewood. It is I who opened it. What is down there is mine,' he said, sullenly. But the only reply that de Casimir made was to seize him by the arm and jerk him away from the stairs.

'To your post,' he said, 'take your arm, and out into the street, in front of the house. That is your place.'

But while he was still speaking they were all startled by a sudden disturbance in the cellar, and in the gloom a man stumbled up the stairs and ran past them. Barlasch had taken the precaution of bolting the huge front door, which was large enough to give passage to a carriage. The man, who exhaled an atmosphere of dust mingled with the disquieting and all-pervading odour of smoke, rushed at the huge door and tugged furiously at its handles.

Charles, who was on his heels, grasped his arm, but the man swung round and threw him off as if he were a child. He had a hatchet in his hand with which he aimed a blow at Charles, but missed him. Barlasch was already going towards his musket, which stood in the corner against the door-post, but the Russian saw his movement and forestalled him. Seizing the gun, he

presented the bayonet to them, and stood with his back to the door facing the three men in a breathless silence. He was a large man, dishevelled, with long hair tumbled about his head, and light-coloured eyes, glaring like the eyes of a beast at bay.

In the background de Casimir, quick and calm, had already covered him with the pistol produced as a persuasive to Barlasch. For a second there was silence, during which they all could hear the call to arms in the street outside. The patrol was hurrying down the Petrovka, calling the assembly.

The report of the pistol rang through the house, shaking the doors and windows. The man threw up his arms and stood for a moment looking at de Casimir with an expression of blank amazement. Then his legs seemed to slip away from beneath him and he collapsed to the floor. He turned over with movements singularly suggestive of a child seeking a comfortable position in bed, and lay quite still, his cheek on the pavement and his staring eyes turned towards the cellar-door from which he had emerged.

'He has his affair—that parishioner,' muttered Barlasch, looking at him with a smile that twisted his mouth to one side. And as he spoke the man's throat rattled. De Casimir was reloading his pistol. So persistent was the gaze of the dead man's eyes that de Casimir turned on his heel to look in the same direction.

'Quick!' he exclaimed, pointing to the doorway, from which a lazy white smoke emerged in thin puffs. 'Quick, he has set fire to the house!'

'Quick—with what, mon colonel?' asked Barlasch.

'Why, go and fetch some men with a fire-engine.'

'There are no fire-engines left in Moscow, mon colonel!'

'Then find buckets and tell me where the well is.'

'There are no buckets left in Moscow, mon colonel. We found that out last night, when we wanted to water the horses. The citizens have removed them. And there is not a well of which the rope has not been cut. They are droll companions, these Russians, I can tell you.'

'Do as I tell you,' repeated de Casimir, angrily, 'or I shall put you under arrest. Go and fetch men to help me to extinguish this fire.'

By way of reply, Barlasch held up one finger in a childlike gesture of attention to some distant sound.

'No, thank you,' he said, coolly, 'not for me. Discipline, mon

colonel, discipline. Listen, you can hear the "assembly" as well as I. It is the Emperor that one obeys. One thinks of one's military career.'

With knotted and shaking fingers he drew back the bolts and opened the door. On the threshold he saluted.

'It is the call to arms, mes officiers,' he said. Then, shouldering his rifle he turned away, and all his clocks struck six. The bells of the city churches seemed to greet him as he stepped into the street, for in Moscow each hour is proclaimed with deafening iteration from a thousand towers.

He looked down the Petrovka; from half the houses which bordered the wide roadway—a street of palaces—the smoke was pouring forth in puffs. He went uphill towards the Red Square and the Kremlin, where the Emperor had his headquarters. It was to this centre that the patrols had converged. Looking back Barlasch saw, not one house on fire, but a hundred. The smoke arose from every quarter of the city at once. He hurried on, but was stopped by a crowd of soldiers, all laden with booty, gesticulating, shouting, abusing one another. It was Babel over again. The riff-raff of sixteen nations had followed Napoleon to Moscow—to rob. Half a dozen different tongues were spoken in one army corps. There remained no national pride to act as a deterrent. No man cared what he did. The blame would be laid upon France.

The crowd was collected in front of a high, many-windowed building in flames.

'What is it?' Barlasch asked first one and then another. But no one spoke his tongue. At last he found a Frenchman.

'It is the hospital.'

'And what is that smell? What is burning there?'

'Twelve thousand wounded,' answered the man, with a sickening laugh. And even as he spoke one or two of the wounded dragged themselves, half burnt, down the wide steps. No one dared to approach them, for the walls of the building were already bulging outwards. One man was half covered with a sheet which was black, and his bare limbs were black with smoke. All the hair was burnt from his head and face. He stood for a moment in the doorway—a sight never to be forgotten—and then fell headlong down the steps, where he lay motionless. Someone in the crowd laughed—a high cackle which was heard above the roar of the fire and the deafening chorus of burning timbers.

Barlasch passed on, following some officers who were leading their horses towards the Kremlin. The streets were full of soldiers carrying burdens, and staggering beneath the weight of their spoil. Many were wearing priceless fur cloaks, and others walked in women's wraps of sable and ermine. Some wore jewellery, such as necklaces, on their rough uniforms, and bracelets round their sunburnt wrists. No one laughed at them, but only glanced enviously at the pillage. All were in deadly earnest, and none graver than those who had found drink and now regretted that they had given way to the temptation; for their sober comrades had outwitted them.

One man gravely wore a gilt coronet crammed over the crown of his shako. He joined Barlasch, staggering along beside him.

'I come from the Cathedral,' he explained, confidentially. 'St. Michael they call it. They said there was great treasure there hidden in the cellars, but I only found a company of old kings in their coffins. We stirred them up. They were quiet enough when we found them, under their counterpanes of red velvet. We stirred them up with the bayonet, and the dust got into our throats and choked us. Name of God, I am thirsty. You have nothing in your bottle, comrade? No.'

Barlasch trudged on, all his possessions swinging and clanking together. The confidential man turned towards him and lifted his water-bottle, weighed it, and found it wanting.

'Name of a name, of a name, of a name,' he muttered, walking on. 'Yes, there was nothing there. Even the silver plates on the coffins with the names of those gentlemen were no thicker than a sword. But I found a crown in the church itself. I borrowed it from St. Michael. He had a sword in his hand, but he did not strike. No. And there was only tinsel on the hilt—no jewels.'

He walked on in silence for a few minutes, coughing out the smoke and dust from his lungs. It was almost dark, but the whole city was blazing now, and the sky glowed with a red light that mingled with the remnants of a lurid sunset. A strong wind blew the smoke and the flying sparks across the roofs.

'Then I went into the sacristy,' continued the man, stumbling over the dead body of a young girl and turning to curse her. Barlasch looked at him sideways and cursed him for doing it, with a sudden fierce eloquence. For Papa Barlasch was a man of unclean lips.

'There was an old man in there, a sacristan. I asked him where he kept the dishes, and he said he could not speak French. I jerked my bayonet into him—name of a name! he soon spoke French.'

Barlasch broke off these delicate confidences by a quick word of command, and himself stood rigid in the roadway before the Imperial Palace of the Kremlin, presenting arms. A man passed close by them on his way towards a waiting carriage. He was stout and heavy-shouldered, peculiarly square, with a thick neck and head set low in the shoulders. On the step of the carriage he turned and surveyed the lurid sky and the burning city to the east with an indifferent air. Into his deep bloodshot eyes there flashed a sudden gleam of life and power, as he glanced along the row of watching faces to read what was written there.

It was Napoleon, at the summit of his dream, hurriedly quitting the Kremlin, the boasted goal of his ambition, after having passed but one night under that proud roof.

(To be continued.)

DEAN FARRAR AS HEADMASTER.

BY HIS OLD PUPIL, J. D. R.

IN trying to recall my recollections of Dean Farrar as headmaster of Marlborough College, I still see him as I saw him through a schoolboy's coloured glasses : and much of what I shall write will doubtless tell the reader more of my defects of vision than of the characteristics of my subject. Even now I can make no pretence to a critical estimate, for his image appears to me through the haze of far-off memories—

And the same sound is in my ears
Which in those days I heard.

And although I know that schoolboys see but little straight and nothing whole, and that they do not detect the difference between what is important and what is trivial, yet I am unable to write of him otherwise than as an impressionist whose impressions were formed at an immature age. For the rest I will try to observe Othello's precepts,

Speak of me as I am ; nothing extenuate
Nor set down aught in malice.

The first characteristic of Farrar—old habit makes me drop the Dean—which struck the average schoolboy was his grandeur of manner. I have been told that those who first met F. D. Maurice face to face were similarly struck. My credulous school friend, Ernest Greenhorn, when he passed from the fifth to the sixth form in the Marlborough of thirty years ago, thought at first blush that he had passed from a region where masters were mortals to a region over which some demi-god presided. After a few lessons even he found out his mistake, suffered a reaction, and became incredulous and iconoclastic. Months elapsed before he could again appreciate the advantages as well as the disadvantages which the grand manner entails, when it is applied to every-day school life : how it enhances exalted ideals, how it lends itself to humour, and how unjustly it stereotypes and exaggerates—like some phonograph and megaphone combined—every foible and folly of its owner. Spell, disenchantment, and a curious blend of both succeeded one another in regular order.

But perhaps I ought to state more clearly what I mean by his grandeur of manner. Aristotle's description of the external marks of the grand man suited Farrar exactly. 'His gait is slow, his voice deep, and he speaks (like heroic verse) in measured cadence.' And this grand manner clung to him inalienably, came from or passed into his very soul, I hardly know which. At all events it revealed the man's inmost literary bent. What was most genuine in his literary tastes impelled him towards grandeur. Bias towards the big was an instinct with him. Nothing was more inevitable than that he should prefer Milton before all other poets and Milton before all other prose-writers. Probably he is the only nineteenth century man of letters of whom it could be said that his character was steeped and saturated in Milton. Admiration for Milton in the sense in which Farrar admired Milton exists no longer if it ever existed. Some attraction or affinity drove him towards whatever looked large and splendid, away from what looked little and sordid. That was why he preferred the desolate unearthly glory of Milton to the glorious humanity of Shakespeare. Indeed, I think that he liked Milton the more, because Milton is remote from humanity, shrinks from contact with its coarser manifestations, and lets us too easily forget the facts of actual life. Probably, after Milton, Aeschylus came next in his heart of hearts: and his sympathy was intense with that conception of the awfulness of fate which pervades the great epic and dramatic writings of every age. His sympathy was intense and it was also discerning; and he used to illustrate it with unerring felicity by such and such an adjective in the suitors' scene of the *Odyssey*, such and such a turn in the plot of *Macbeth*, such and such sentences in Sophocles, or even by a well-known passage from Shelley, and a little known passage from Froude. When the Erinnyes darkened the air, Farrar was in his element. Now Farrar was essentially a worshipper of poets and the like; and I thought then, and still think, that these literary tastes formed the inmost fibre of the man, and therefore of the school-master. Even his books cannot wholly disguise his devotion to real grandeur of style and matter. And this semblance of grandeur cast on everything which he said and did sometimes some shadow of itself, sometimes some shadow of its opposite, but more usually an intermixture of serious and farcical which used to strike us as so whimsical that we could not laugh at it, we could only quote it.

But his books bred scoffers; one of whom will doubtless

already arise in his wrath and ask, when and where was he grand? or humorous? or even something betwixt and between?

Let us forget his books awhile! They were meant for others and have had their reward. We shall have enough to do in fixing our attention on that part of his life which he dedicated to us. So to resume.

I can certainly remember one occasion on which he conveyed to me a sense of pure unadulterated grandeur. It was one Sunday evening when he read in chapel the chapter in Job about the horse, with a classic repose and a rich resonance of voice the like of which I have never heard since. His voice was not suited to declamation, or emotion, or variety of intonation; but if only the speaker could keep quite calm and speak or read something which really suited it, it was matchless. And Job and Isaiah suited it. His reading of Job and Isaiah has produced on me the effect of some great but severe piece of music which bears being played monotonously—say some fugue of Bach—performed on a perfect instrument. Yet it is odd to associate music with Farrar. For no one except Dean Stanley knew less of music than Farrar, as this thirty-year-old story will testify. Dr. F.: 'I am told that when I preach to-morrow I shall have to preach on the note of the building and that the note of the building is E flat. What is E flat?' *Studiosus Musica*: "The organist will play a short interlude ending on E flat." Dr. F.: 'Yes, I know that: but how am I to transfer the note E flat from the organ to my voice?' and the *Studiosus Musica* was puzzled. Moreover Farrar's description in a foolish poem written very long ago of an awful boy named Ronald singing on a lake

With exquisite falsetto now and then

does not show a keen sense of music. Yet, unlike Dean Stanley, he admired music. And, as I have said, under certain conditions and for certain purposes, his voice could produce unrivalled legato effects with the ease and certainty of some old Italian violoncello. Now his voice was always with him; and is it to be supposed that this was the only occasion on which it did justice to itself? that Milton, Aeschylus, and those passages from Shakespeare, Sophocles, and the *Odyssey* which appealed most to him did not also elicit the same nobility of tone? Over and over again while teaching us he spoke and read big things well and without effort; and whenever he did so, he did so unaffectedly and majestically. The

best, perhaps the only, philosophic scrap which I picked up from his table was a lucid exposition of Coleridge's distinction between the imagination and fancy. But I am much more grateful to him for the way in which he made me feel in my marrow and my bones some far-off inkling of the imaginative power which possessed Milton and Aeschylus, and inspired one side of Homer's, Sophocles', and Shakespeare's genius.

And now for the humour. Farrar's industry was positively tireless, and the more so because he did nothing by deputy. He was like perpetual motion or radium. The man who was form-master, and transacted all the business of headmaster of a great public school, preached hundreds of sermons, and crammed his 'Life of Christ' with references to scholars, pedants, poets and saints during those five brief years, 1871 to 1876, lived a crowded life. And he seemed to have thought or hoped that his pupils would prove equally energetic. So one afternoon he took some friends on a surprise visit to some sixth form studies in 'A' house, thinking or hoping to find its occupants—like Charity Pecksniff—at work. *O sancta Simplicitas!* The industrious apprentices were caught red-handed in the very act of enjoying 'a brew.' Or ought I not to write brown-handed? For in those days a brew consisted of cocoa and roast potatoes. At the next lesson Farrar began to narrate the story of his disillusion in low, mourning voice thus :

I confidently expected to be able to point with pride to my sixth form boys absorbed and immersed in study of some Attic masterpiece,

'Presenting Thebes, or Pelops' line,
Or the tale of Troy divine.'

Then, gradually raising his voice, he continued :

But what was my indignation, vexation, and shame when I discovered them greedily engaged in ravenously devouring the semese fragments of a barbaric repast,

and those last six words, uttered fortissimo with intense vigour, launched him on a speech whose sesquipedalian grandiloquence Dr. Middleton might have envied. Indeed, for full five minutes he was like 'a bitten dictionary,' and at the end of it his good-humour was quite restored. Our first impression was, how odd it was that he should have felt disappointed! Our second, Could he really expect to crush cocoa and roast potatoes with those furious blows of his Nasmyth hammer? Our third, What Gargantuan humour! What fresh, fluent, and spontaneous rhetoric!

How purposeless it seemed when levelled against our cocoa and roast potatoes ! How effective it has proved against his dumps ! True, it was at first unconscious, then semi-conscious, and only at last (if then) wholly conscious ; but this only made the humour more humorous. Such outbursts as these made our school-life lively.

I now pass to the commoner form of story which his pupils used to tell of him. And here I must confess that pupils have the bad habit of telling stories about their headmasters, and that where headmasters possess a striking or puzzling individuality these stories gather round them like clouds around a mountain top. All the characteristic stories about Farrar revealed a lofty strain of enthusiasm just tinged by the ridiculous. The problem set before the narrator was how to excite laughter without extinguishing admiration. If the narrator created admiration only, he or his audience lacked humour. If laughter was the only response, he or his audience was a very cheap and hopeless kind of Philistine indeed. Typical stories about Farrar as a schoolmaster were good tests for sifting witless sentimentalists and people whose narrowness is past redemption. And perhaps the reason of this is that his virtues, like those of Don Quixote, were so unusual and above the ordinary ; and his faults, like those of Don Quixote, were so unusually obvious. An instance or two will make my meaning plain.

I have referred to his all-devouring industry. That in itself was stimulating and inspiring. Moreover, he had a fine memory and a sense of the picturesque which fed largely on literary histories, and which invested our studies of Guizot, Duruy, Sismondi, and Michelet with an unique charm and fascination. Yet how incredible the advice sounded which he used to impart to all and sundry, students and athletes, dull and clever, when he said good-bye to them for the holidays : 'My dear boy, if you will take down from your shelves and read during the holidays some good book like Gibbon's "Rome," Milman's "Latin Christianity," Grote's "Greece," or Mommsen's "Rome," it will be so much clear gain.' I can still remember the innocent assurance with which he hurled forty-one volumes at our devoted heads, and his curious emphasis on the last four monosyllables still rings in my ears. Again his legend beneath our exercises, 'Lege ! lege ! aliquid hærebit,' was a little too like the old proverb, 'Throw enough mud and some will stick.' Of course, the Philistine, who is always a sensible person, will at once observe, 'How insane to

preach quantity instead of quality, width without depth.' And, being always prompt and decisive, he will at once write off Farrar's powers as a teacher, in the same way as a trader writes off a bad debt. And yet, Mr. Philistine, I can assure you that this advice, paradoxical though it looked, produced fruit in the most unlikely places: we could not help remembering it, if for no other reason, for the reason that it seemed absurd; and, like you, we said, 'There is not much light in it,' and we smiled; then we thought over it again, and said, 'There is, after all, some true fire in it,' and we went away and worked. It is possible that our headmaster sent toddlers on the tramp before they could walk: but not all the sensible, prompt, and decisive persons in the world will ever persuade me that zeal has not something to do with knowledge. And, assuredly, Farrar was a whole-hearted, infectious, proselytising zealot.

Perhaps Farrar's influence—as a zealot for *belles lettres*—was increased by the sense we always had that he formed part of that literary world to which he was so passionately devoted. We did not derive that sense from the oddity with which he invariably referred to Ruskin, Stanley, Browning, Tennyson, M. Arnold and others as his 'eminent friends'—an oddity to which it would require Dickens's pen to do justice—far less from his literary ventures: but partly from the fact that it was true that they were his friends, and partly from the fact that when at his best and simplest he was himself a distinguished man and seemed, as I have said, at home with big things; and partly from the quiet way in which he would now and then repeat some familiar talk with one of that glorious company, say, with Browning or Tennyson; thus he would tell us how Browning told him how the famous ride from Ghent to Aix had set pedants diving into old books, but that it really took place in the nineteenth century in a yacht on the Mediterranean; and I remember the following conversation early in 1875: Dr. F.: 'I have just been staying with Tennyson, who read me his new poem. It is a completely new departure.' Precocious Boy: 'Then it is a drama.' Dr. F., with withering contempt: 'My dear boy! do you really think that I am a little child with whom you can play at guessing?' And the P. B. was baffled. A few months later 'Queen Mary' was published. Farrar's nearness to these kings of dreamland invested them and the dreams which were their subjects with a reality which helped us to understand literature.

What may be called Farrar's enthusiasm of humanity only began to push itself into prominence during the end of his 'lustre' at Marlborough. He was then preparing for his crusade in favour of teetotalism, and what he called 'Ephphatha, or the Amelioration of the world,' and the following scene took place at a dinner at Jowett's soon after he went to St Margaret's, Westminster. Towards dessert Farrar took up his parable against Dives; in fact, ran amok, morally speaking; or peradventure he was rehearsing. His voice rose higher and higher until (like Protagoras) he spread silence around him, and he was heard thundering out: 'What I complain of as a clergyman is that I have to do what no layman has to do; (!) I have to beg and beg in vain. Fashionable ladies come to my church glittering with precious gems; and yet they will not sacrifice one diamond from their proud tiaras in order to save some erring sister from destruction.' When he finished, the silence grew sultry. All the hearers looked gloomily at their plates. One said to himself: what shall I throw on the bonfire of vanities? my sherry? Another thought: saving souls with a diamond? that sounds crude, if not burglarious. Then Jowett, who had been looking as though he meant mischief—*διαβλέψας ὡς εἰώθε*—squeaked out: 'What I object to as a clergyman is that I have to exaggerate so.' There arose among the audience a sound which was almost like a titter, almost like the sound of cold water squirted on to hot iron. Then Jowett, correcting his apparent rudeness, quickly added, 'I mean that I have to represent the charity for which I am preaching as more important than any other charity; and I do it very badly because I never succeed.' It was thus that Jowett paraphrased Farrar and dispelled the thunder-cloud. But I am wandering. Many of Farrar's pupils have engaged in philanthropic work, yet I doubt whether this side of Farrar's character affected them. He was not at ease in Zion; a Miltonic discontent seethed within him; his aspirations were unselfish; but philanthropy in order to be effectual needs far more than this: it needs, among other things, close attention and the courage to lead a dull life. Therefore, his influence in stimulating philanthropy was at this period indirect or non-existent: but his influence in clothing the great names and phantoms of literature with life, in driving us to wonder and explore far and wide, and in instilling into us, we hardly knew when or how, an idea of the unity and greatness of the great literature of the world, was definite, persistent and ineffaceable.

Perhaps our ability to appreciate Farrar was impaired by the fact that he succeeded Bradley.

Bradley was a schoolmaster to the finger-tips, with clear, exact mind: an excellent teacher of scholarship (in the old sense); doing small things perfectly; very thorough; quick and merciless in searching out weak spots; diligent in the use of probe and microscope; armed at all points, and without a single weak spot himself; invulnerable, firm, business-like, and knowing every boy.

Farrar was the antithesis of all this. He was not only something more, but he was also something less than a schoolmaster. True! as a mere teacher of scholarship in the old sense he was quite up to the highest school standard. His translations lacked elasticity but were never hollow like his books; and when they were high-flown, they attained real exaltation, as in the following translation of Plato,

Gazing at stars, my star? Oh! would that *I* were the welkin,
Starry with infinite eyes, gazing for ever on thee.

As a critic of style he was free from most of the vices which are popularly supposed to infect his style, but he certainly laid undue stress, not on flowers, but on figures of speech. He encouraged 'extensive' rather than 'intensive culture.' He habitually looked at objects, even at near objects, with a telescope held to his intellectual eye. And he was pained when he found faults. As a disciplinarian he was unconventional, to say the least. He did not take a drill-sergeant's view of his profession. He gave us great liberty, rode with a very loose rein, and trusted to our moral force instead of to his own vigilance. Moreover, he proclaimed all his own weak points from the housetop; thus his rooted belief that he knew boys whom he did not know led him into many blunders, for which, however, his evidently kindly meaning easily atoned; and the too great ease with which he took offence, and then forgave, looked like want of judgment, but was partly due to the unsuspecting sincerity which made him utter everything that was passing through his mind. He made up for want of firmness by excess of kindness. Indeed, as a form-master he would have been defenceless against his pupils if his pupils had been against him. But lest I prove too liberal in confessing another man's sins, I will interrupt this catalogue by three anecdotes which are very trivial, but two of them will shock the

conventional critic beyond recovery, and will at the same time illustrate how this system, or absence of system, worked.

My first anecdote is mere frivolity, and proves nothing except perhaps the danger of making a slip if you are too solemn. When Farrar intentionally repeated something that he had told us before he was apt to let his mind wander elsewhere, and to trust his tongue implicitly. I have once or twice heard that unruly member play its absent master a dirty trick while telling a certain pretty story from Xenophon. It was thus that the tongue told it: 'You remember how when the Greek soldiers came in sight of Thalatta they called out with one accord Trapezous! Trapezous!' Now Trapezous means Trebizond, and Thalatta means the sea; and what the traitor within his mouth had done was to transpose these words with a ludicrous effect, which Farrar's solemnity heightened, and his sensitiveness forbade us to laugh at to his face. We all make tongue-slips, and, after all, this tongue-slip had the accidental advantage of nailing in our memories a story that told us a great deal about Greeks and about masses of men, and nothing about Farrar or ourselves. Such tongue-slips occurred very seldom.

This is my second anecdote. I do not know whether it was from overwork or why it was, but every now and then Farrar had an unfortunate habit of mechanically repeating himself. During one term, when this habit was at its worst, we used to have weekly lessons in the Septuagint, in every other verse of which the Greek words for 'word' and 'work' are interchanged. Regularly every Monday morning he used to explain this confusion in these words: 'The reason why "ergon" is used here instead of "logos" is that it is a translation of the Hebrew word Dabar which means Both Word And Thing.' Those four last monosyllables used to boom forth like Big Ben striking four or like the sound of two great Amens. One Monday morning Thersites, who sat next me, whispered in my ear: 'We have not had Dabar yet. Shall I get it?' I replied, 'Do if you dare.' And he unblushingly asked why 'ergon' was used instead of 'logos' in the passage which had just been translated. 'Ah!' said our revered master, 'you could not be expected to know that; but the reason, &c.' It came out verbatim. He walked with stately tread straight into the open trap. Thersites remained 'looking wistfully with wide blue eyes as in a picture.' The rest of us nearly choked with laughter. Yet we would not have let him see us laugh for worlds. All boys

are brutes; but no boy was cruel enough to wilfully hurt that sensitive stricken soul. So when the lesson was over, Ulysses persuaded Thersites, but without Homeric means, not to repeat that jest; and it was never repeated. The provocation also ceased, but I do not know why.

My third anecdote will stagger even those who have followed me thus far; but no one else could have been the subject of it but Farrar. So it shall be told. At a certain history lesson, after the whole form had failed to answer some trifling question, Farrar fairly flung the reins down and broke into the following oration: 'My dear boys! I am profoundly discouraged! For fifteen years of my life I have been letting down a bucket into an empty well and drawing it up again! For fifteen years of my life I have been pouring out water upon the arid sand!' Then he gathered up his books and fled. I revive this memory in no unkind spirit towards Farrar—perhaps, poor man, he felt ill—but to show how it affected us. Well! we all saw the mad folly of it; yet we all regretted the unmistakable anguish which we had innocently caused. A few laughed outright. A few cried Shame! Shame! on those who laughed. One boy, and only one boy, did the right thing; and if this should meet his eye I hereby, after much delay, tender him my thanks. He went to Farrar and showed him that he (Farrar) had acted unreasonably. Afterwards Farrar admitted to us that he had been hasty, and had made a mountain out of a molehill. Thus the incident closed. It, too, was not repeated.

These occasions show Farrar at his worst as a schoolmaster: and on the last occasion he was almost as bad as his schoolbooks. Yet on each occasion all ended well, and surely all is well that ends well. Farrar's stateliness invariably brought his blunders into unfair relief; his unflinching earnestness, candour, and kindness invariably corrected the effects which his blunders might have otherwise produced. We regarded his great qualities with admiration and his failings with tenderness.

I remember the shock which the contrast between Bradley and Farrar produced on veteran pupils of Bradley. One of them, indeed, who was neither a scoffer nor a Philistine, wrote to his late headmaster on a postcard in the days when postcards were the last new thing:

Dear Dr. Bradley,
We miss you sadly;
And wish Dr. Farra'
Would go back to Harra'.

Other veterans carped worse even than this bad boy cackled; and predicted a plentiful crop of milksops, pedants, prigs, and sciolists on the one hand, and, on the other hand, of untamed rebels marching under the banner of *inculta rusticitas*. But I have no patience with those who expect any class of people to conform to a given type. One good custom can corrupt the world: and an able man who means well and is true to himself can break the best rules. Besides, facts are on the side of Farrar's efficiency as a headmaster. It was just after the great fever. Parents wrote by every post withdrawing their sons' names from the doomed school. The bursar's books were all but a blank. The school was threatened with extinction. Then Farrar came, and the tide turned. He raised the school out of the slough of despond. During the five years that followed the fortunes of the school were restored, and boys who were immediately under him won as high and as many honours as those won in Bradley's five best years, though the credit for that feat was doubtless partly due to other masters, or possibly even to the boys themselves. Indeed, it is impossible to see who could have done better for Marlborough than Farrar. He was the very man for that post at that time. The moment required a headmaster with a reputation and a personality, with unsparing energy and unflagging enthusiasm: and Farrar fulfilled these requirements.

But after all even his books succeeded; so I will return once more from the man's successes to the man. He was as unlike in nature to the typical schoolboy as it was possible to be. None could have ever called him 'jolly' or 'old fellow.' He was not adamant and Rhadamanthine like Temple. He was not sunny, sensible, and wide-awake like Bradley. He was *sui generis*. At first sight he seemed all stateliness and austerity; cold, splendid, one-sided, unattainable: resembling what he used to call 'that burnt-out old cinder, the moon.' The last sight of him revealed only an excess of sincerity, sensitiveness, candour, and kindliness. Would that Aristotle or someone else had invented some word for this particular excess! He was transparency itself. The first quality set off and ennobled the very rare and high enthusiasm which was his most valuable teaching asset; it also accounted for some of his faults and accentuated all his faults as a schoolmaster. The last quality—the glasshouse in which he lived—accounted for his other faults and saved him from the effects of all his faults as a schoolmaster. So singular a character was likely to be

misunderstood by geese and carps who are guided by superficial impressions ; nor was it likely to show much knowledge of the characters of others ; but it appealed irresistibly either to the imagination or to sympathy, and that did almost if not quite as well. I have known some half-dozen other headmasters, and have often discussed all of them with their pupils—for I fear that I was ever a gossip—but I adhere to my belief that Farrar was the most interesting of the lot.

So at least this fine man's virtues and frailties appeared to me a generation ago, when I was a dreamy, shortsighted, half-baked schoolboy, with but little knowledge of character and but little sense of proportion ; and, as I now diffidently raise the curtain on some few almost forgotten scenes of private experiences in a public school, I only hope that in doing so I have offended no one, either by my incapacity or my mistakes, either by my stinted praise or mild criticism, because, as Dante said of his old schoolmaster :

Chè in la mente m' è fitta ed or m' accuora
La cara e buona imagine paterna
Di voi quando nel mondo ad ora ad ora
M' insegnate come l' uom s' eterna.

'REJECTED ADDRESSES'

BY VISCOUNT ST. CYRES.

ONE of the obscurer traces left by Puritanism on our national character is a habit of making speeches on every festive occasion. Festive I say advisedly, because the temptation does not haunt us in our hours of woe: the Funeral Oration of the Continent, for instance, is scarcely known within these Isles. Why this should be so can be easily explained. The aim of foreign eloquence is to kindle emotions or convey ideas; the aim of British is exclusively to point a moral. But the graver the subject, the more it can be trusted to teach its own lesson for itself; for which reason our orators leave Death respectfully alone, and indulge their rhetoric only on livelier occasions, when the moral runs more risk of being forgotten. In the eighteenth century, when speeches could be made in verse as well as prose, such occasions were even commoner than now; and one of the most distinctively national of them was the prologue of a play. 'There is scarcely any species of poetical composition,' says the *Quarterly Review* of 1812, 'which is so peculiarly our own as prologues, epilogues, and other theatrical addresses.' The prologue—we learn from the same authority—is expected to be 'either critical or didactic' in tone; that is to say, the eminent literary man who wrote it discoursed on some favourite topic of his own, without much reference to the piece about to be put on the boards. For proof of this, one has only to look at the two most famous of these compositions. Pope's prologue to Addison's 'Cato' is mainly an indictment of the audience for preferring 'French translations and Italian song' to native dramatic art; Dr. Johnson's introduction to Goldsmith's 'Good-natured Man' dwells on the absurdity of leaving serious issues—such as the fate of a Ministry, or the fate of a new play—to be decided by the mob.

The offended burgess hoards his angry tale
For that blest year when all that vote may rail.
'This night our wit,' the pert apprentice cries,
'Lies at my feet: I hiss him, and he dies.'

But nearly all these lay-sermons are intolerably tiresome; posterity cannot be too thankful to 'Rejected Addresses' for

having brought the nuisance to an end. Their ridicule killed the prologue as dead as Pascal's 'Provincial Letters' killed the casuists, or *Lillibullero* the despotism of James the Second.

The history of this famous *jeu d'esprit* has been told at length by Mrs. Parsons in last November's *Temple Bar*. In 1808 old Drury Lane Theatre was burnt down. By 1812 New Drury had been built, thanks chiefly to Mr. Samuel Whitbread, a well-known brewer and Whig politician. Custom, of course, demanded a prologue for the opening night, and a prologue Mr. Whitbread's committee undertook to secure. Being business men, they set about the matter in a business spirit. The market was thrown open to all the poets of England; tenders of addresses to be sealed and delivered, &c., &c., in the form usual with Government contracts. A hundred and twelve poets responded to the call. Dumbfounded at this rain of verse, the Committee hurriedly rejected them all, and put the matter into the hands of Lord Byron. His address is remarkable for containing one of the most unfortunate comparisons in the language—that of burning Drury Lane to the fiery pillar of Israel in the Desert. As the *Quarterly Review* observed, 'Any other fire that ever blazed would have afforded a more appropriate allusion.'

But before Byron could deliver himself, one of the rejected hundred and twelve had turned the whole proceeding into ridicule. This was a young London stockbroker of the name of Horace Smith. He was struck with the idea of writing a series of bogus Addresses, burlesquing the chief writers of the day, in the style brought into fashion by the 'Anti-Jacobin' some fifteen years before. In concert with his brother James—solicitor to a Government office—he drew up a list of poets to be parodied; they range from Coleridge and Wordsworth, through Scott, Moore, Southey, Theodore Hook, down to the minstrels of the music hall. To these were added three parodies in prose, of Doctor Johnson, Cobbett, and the truculently True Blue *Morning Post*. Lastly, Horace put in his own genuine rejected Address—to the great confusion of his critics, who could not make out how 'a very decent mellifluous prologue,' which 'presented no very prominent trait of absurdity,' had found its way into such a collection. Within a very few weeks the book was launched, under the obvious title of 'Rejected Addresses.' Its success was both instantaneous and lasting. Edition after edition was sold; and for many years it set the standard by which all later parodists

were judged. Indeed, it is hardly too much to adapt to its authors Byron's famous compliment to Goethe; they certainly created the literature of their own subject, and illustrated that of England.

The originality of the brothers is not always fully recognised. Parodies of a kind there had been in plenty before; for parody is only mimicry applied to thought, and mimicry—as any Evolutionist will tell us—is older than the human race. But even the eighteenth century had very vague ideas as to what a parody ought to be. So late as 1806 Sydney Smith defined Dr. Johnson's grim version of Juvenal as a 'parody;' while to such imitations as made fun of their originals he gave the name of 'burlesques.' And what Sydney's generation meant by burlesques may be seen from some of the performances of the 'Anti-Jacobin,' where the temper of Calverley is less in evidence than the *sæva indignatio* of Dean Swift. Not till 'Rejected Addresses' appeared did the world realise that humour is the first condition of parody, and that the second is good taste; the travesty must be so void of malice that even the victim can enjoy it, and say—as Sir Walter Scott actually said to one of the Smiths: 'I must have written that myself.' Two imitations of Southey—one written before, one after 'Rejected Addresses,' came out—gauge the change of taste. Canning's parody of his 'Ode to Chepstow Castle' was one of the hardest blows the much-tried Robert had to bear; but Southey himself might have forgiven Lewis Carroll for the 'You are old, Father William,' of 'Alice in Wonderland.'

It is in thus civilising the parody that the chief distinction of the brothers lies: judged by strictly æsthetic standards, their work falls below that of Calverley or J. K. Stephen—not to mention other and living writers. For this, however, they were not to blame: in parody, as in all imitative arts, the good master is inevitably distanced by the better disciple. Besides, they were tied down to one subject, as no later parodists have been. Even Sir Frederick Pollock, who restricts himself to Leading Cases done into Verse, has, at any rate, free range of the Law Reports; but the Smiths could only ring the changes on the burning of one Drury and the construction of the other. Especially hard did this restriction press when they came to deal with poets wholly uninterested in the drama; since parody depends for much of its effect on the clever maintenance of an illusion—the original

himself must seem to be speaking, though treating a mean, ridiculous subject for the nonce in the same way as he would treat a great one. But such an illusion is hard to keep up, if the subject chosen lie utterly outside the poet's beat; and here lay the great difficulty of the Smiths. Even as a joke, imagination can scarcely picture Coleridge a laureate of the green-room; and hard indeed it was to find a path from Rydal Mount to Drury Lane.

A second and more familiar lion also stood in the path of our brothers. Publishers—as they knew from sad experience, several having declined their manuscript—have a knack of being guided by the probable opinion of the man in the street; and the man in the street will only give his shillings for humour of a tolerably obvious kind. Hence they worked with temptation always at their elbow, in the shape of a phantom printer's devil bidding them be amusing at any price, and sacrifice the more artistic to the more cheaply ludicrous effect. Indeed, Horace cheerfully confesses in the preface to the classical edition of A.D. 1833, that he and his brother were 'sometimes hurried into extravagance' through being much less anxious about careful imitation than about the raising of 'at any rate, a harmless laugh.' And he makes *amende honorable* to 'Mr. Wordsworth, the touching sentiment, profound wisdom, and copious harmony of whose loftier writings we left unnoticed; while we pounced upon his popular ballads, and exerted ourselves to push their simplicity into puerility and silliness.' Certainly the brothers try, convict, and sentence 'Lyrical Ballads' after the good old-fashioned method of the *Edinburgh*—an *Edinburgh* which was to receive the *Excursion* two years later with its famous 'This will never do.' As it was, Jeffrey rubbed his hands with delight at their 'very fair and indeed flattering' imitation of Wordsworth's 'mawkish affections and nursery stammerings,' and piously hoped that it might make him feel ashamed of *Alice Fell*. Even much more lenient judges allow that the *Baby's Début* was not altogether ill-deserved. Verses like

Aunt Hannah heard the window break,
And cried: 'O naughty Nancy Lake,
Thus to distress your aunt.
No Drury Lane for you to-day!'
And while papa said: 'Pooh, she may!'
Mamma said, 'No, she shan't!'

are surely a very mild revenge for

Johnny! Johnny! mind that you
Come home again, nor stop at all,
Come home again, whate'er befall,
My Johnny do, I pray you do.

or other of the more amazing utterances of Betty Foy, the 'idiot mother of her Idiot Boy.'

Wordsworth, again, has been known to

bleat articulate monotony,
And indicate that two and one are three,

a habit which Mr. Arthur Symons derives from the fact that he began life without any of the received opinions which save most men from so much of the trouble of thinking: hence what we should think a commonplace often seemed to him profoundly original, and is duly welcomed in his verses as a new and valuable discovery. Whatever the cause, its results are excellently satirised by James Smith in the famous

My father's walls are made of brick,
But not so tall, and not so thick
As these; and, goodness me!
My father's beams are made of wood,
But never, never half so good
As these that now I see.

Still, one cannot quite release the *Baby's Début* from the curse the Jesuits called down on Pascal, as 'a fly that sucked at great men's sores.' Certainly it cannot be mentioned in the same breath with the masterpieces of Calverley. Clever as they might be, the Smiths were only caricaturists, who followed the usual practice of their kind: first they felt about for their victim's weakest place, and then brought their stage-policeman's truncheon down with an unerring whack. But Calverley scorned the truncheon as a waste of energy, even as he scorned the policy of pin-pricks pursued by some of his latter-day successors. He was not satisfied with simply making his originals ridiculous—with simply drawing out a *reductio ad absurdum* of their defects: his work is a literary criticism in action, in that it reproduces alike their good points and their bad, with just such delicate underscoring of these last as shall make the reader pleasantly, but irresistibly, aware of their existence. *Non ragionam di lor, ma guarda e*

passa is the rule of this humorous Virgil among the Shades, whether he deals with the faults of Tennyson or Martin Tupper.

Contrast with this the rough and ready methods of the Smiths. Except in the case of Wordsworth (and, to some extent, of Crabbe) they did not pretend to sit in judgment at all, unless it were in the very general sense in which every parodist is a critic. Their way was to pick out one leading characteristic—it was not necessarily a weakness—from each author, and make it the feature of their imitation. Sometimes this characteristic was arbitrarily chosen; more often it was unavoidable. Thus, nobody could write on Byron without alluding largely to the pageant of his bleeding heart; accordingly Horace makes him declaim:

Ye reckless dupes, who hither wend your way,
To gaze on puppets in a painted dome,
Pursuing pastimes glittering to betray,
Like falling stars in life's eternal gloom,
What seek ye here? Joy's evanescent bloom?
Woe's me! the brightest wreaths she ever gave
Are but as flowers that decorate a tomb.
Man's heart, the mournful urn o'er which they wave,
Is sacred to despair, its pedestal the grave.

Southey fell an easy prey to James. Here nothing was needed but a little Eastern imagery, parcelled out into the jerky, unmetrical numbers, which the good man fondly thought appropriate to 'tremendous Thalaba, Arabia's monstrous, wild, and wondrous son.'

Is it not written in the Himakoot book
That mighty Baly from Kehama took:
 'Who blows on pounce
 Must the Swerga renounce?'
It is! it is! Yamen, thine hour is nigh:
 Like as an eagle clasps an asp
Vesshno has caught him in his mighty grasp,
And hurled him, in spite of his squeaks and squalls,
 Whizzing aloft, like the Temple fountain,
 Three times as high as Meru Mountain,
 Which is
Ninety-nine times as high as St. Paul's.

Scott's copious use of proper names invited one of the simplest forms of parody:

So London's sons in night-cap woke,
 In bed-gown woke her dames;
For shouts were heard mid fire and smoke,
And twice ten hundred voices spoke:
 'The play-house is in flames.'

And lo! where Catherine Street extends,
A fiery tail its lustre lends
To every window pane;
Blushes each spout in Martlet Court,
And Barbican, moth-eaten fort,
And Covent Garden kennels sport
A bright, ensanguined drain.
Meux's new brewhouse shows the light,
Rowland Hill's chapel, and the height
Where patent shot they sell;
The Tennis Court, so fair and tall,
Partakes the ray, with Surgeons' Hall,
The Ticket-porter's House of Call,
Old Bedlam, close by London Wall,
Wright's shrimp and oyster shop withal,
And Richardson's Hotel.

Scott is by Horace. More searching is James's parody of Crabbe, which most critics think the best of all the imitations. Crabbe was almost as tempting a subject as Wordsworth, for he also was an innovator, bent on bringing back poetry to the domain of common life. But the two poets worked on different lines, and (as Wordsworth himself complacently observed) with very different degrees of imaginative depth. Crabbe was an uncompromising realist, 'Nature's sternest painter, yet her best:' in all but carnality his muse would bear comparison with the 'Rougon Macquart' series itself. Like Fénelon in 'Télémaque,' he was determined to 'say everything,' careless whether all he wished to say was, or was not, fit subject for rhyme. Verses like

Something has happened wrong about a bill,
Which was not drawn with true mercantile skill,
So, to amend it, I was told to go
And seek the firm of Clutterbuck & Co.

testify to this desire with almost painful vehemence. They are duly replied to in 'Rejected Addresses:'

John Richard William Alexander Dwyer
Was footman to Justinian Stubbs, Esquire;
But when John Dwyer 'listed in the Blues,
Emmanuel Jennings polished Stubbs's shoes.
Emmanuel Jennings brought his youngest boy
Up as a corn-cutter (a safe employ).

Still, the brothers do not show the touch of malice that distinguishes the *Baby's Début*. Even their victim soon forgave them, and allowed that 'in versification they have done me

admirably.' One would not, however, guess from their exordium that Crabbe was Cardinal Newman's favourite poet.

'Tis sweet to view from half-past five to six
Our long wax candles with short cotton wicks,
Touched by the lamplighter's Promethean art,
Start into light, and bid the lighter start.
While gradual parties fill our widened pit,
And gape and gaze and wonder 'ere they sit.

Hark! the check-taker moody silence breaks,
And bawling, 'Pit full!' gives the check he takes;
Yet onward still the gathering numbers cram,
Contending crowders shout the frequent damn,
And all is bustle, squeeze, row, jabbering, and jam.

But it is a mistake to look on 'Rejected Addresses' simply as a collection of imitations; many of them are best enjoyed if it is forgotten that they were meant as parodies at all. Thus 'Play-house Musings, by S. T. C.,' is professedly an imitation of Coleridge's 'Lines to a Young Ass;' really it has little more to do with Coleridge than it has to do with the ass, though it may well be read for its own sake as an excellent piece of Regency Society Verse—Pope in the high stock and brass-buttoned swallow-tail of our great-grandfathers.

Oh, Mr. Whitbread! fie upon you, sir!
I think you should have built a colonnade,
Where tender Beauty, looking for her coach,
Protrudes her gloveless hand, perceives the shower,
And draws the tippet tighter round her throat.
Perchance her coach stands half a dozen off,
And, ere she mounts the step, the oozing mud
Soaks through her pale kid slipper. On the morrow
She coughs at breakfast, and her gruff papa
Cries: 'There you go! This comes of play-houses!'
To build no portico is penny-wise;
Heaven grant it prove not in the end pound-foolish!

Some of the other Addresses also fail as parodies, though for a different reason, because the imitation is quite as good as the original. Only a specialist in the 'Irish Melodies,' for instance, could pronounce whether the following verses are, or are not, by Tom Moore:

Bloom, Theatre, bloom in the roseate blushes
Of beauty illumed by a love-breathing smile;
And flourish, ye pillars, as green as the rushes
That pillow the nymphs of the Emerald Isle.

For dear is the Emerald Isle of the Ocean,
 Whose daughters are fair as the foam of the wave,
 Whose sons, unaccustomed to rebel commotion,
 Tho' joyous, are sober—tho' peaceful, are brave.

Then there was the quack philosopher, Dr. Busby, an eccentric backwash of the French Encyclopædists, who tried to persuade the British upper-middle classes to give up the Bible for Lucretius. But *Architectural Atoms* was much more successful than the Doctor's own translation in popularising the doctrines of the great Apologist of Chance :

I sing how casual bricks in airy climb
 Encountered casual cow-hair, casual lime ;
 How rafters, borne through wandering clouds elate,
 Kissed in their slope blue elemental slate,
 Clasped solid beams in chance-directed fury,
 And gave to birth our renovated Drury.

Perhaps their anxiety to be amusing led the Smiths to hunt down rather small game. Such poetasters as Busby or 'Monk' Lewis might have been left to stew in their own juice. But even these minor imitations have an interest of their own, quite apart from the evidence they offer of the amazing versatility of their authors. The *New Halfpenny Ballad*, by a Pic-nic Poet, shows that the British comic song was as 'tremendous a mixture of vulgarity, impudence, nonsense, and miserable puns' in the days when Jeffrey ruled the *Edinburgh Review* as it is in the days of the Gaiety Theatre. Others help to trace the early evolution of a practice, which has lately reached its apotheosis in *Ben-Hur*.

It grieves me much to see live animals
 Brought on the stage : Grimaldi has his rabbit,
 Laurent his cat, and Bradbury his pig,

sings the mock Coleridge ; while the mock Byron is even more emphatic :

Hence, pedant Nature, with thy Grecian rules !
 Centaurs, not fabulous, those rules efface :
 Back, sister Muses, to your native schools !
 Here booted grooms usurp Apollo's place.
 Hoofs shame the boards that Garrick used to grace.
 The play of limbs succeeds the play of wit,
 Man yields the drama to the Houynym race,
 His prompter spurs, his licenser the bit,
 The stage a stable yard, a jockey club the pit.

Last, but not least, the imitation of the journalistic patriot-

poet, Fitzgerald, has added at least one immortal quotation to the language :

Who burnt—confound his soul!—the houses twain
Of Covent Garden and of Drury Lane?
Who, while the British squadron lay off Cork,
(God bless the Regent and the Duke of York)
With a foul earthquake ravaged the Caraccas,
And raised the price of dry goods and tobaccos?
Who makes the quartern loaf and Luddites rise?
Who fills the butchers' shops with large blue flies?

Nowadays, this last question might be very variously answered. People would suggest the Jesuits, or an American combine, or perhaps the financiers of the Rand. In A.D. 1812 the riddle admitted of only one solution : it was 'the beastly Corsican fiend.'

So at least thought Lord Eldon's organ, the *Morning Post*, whose dithyrambics are imitated in prose under the title of the *Theatrical Alarm Bell*. Not that there was here any great opportunity for the scoffer; the *Morning Post* journalists parodied themselves better than the Smiths could ever have done. Even Mr. H. W. Lucy could hardly match the bull contained in one of their leading articles : 'We flatter ourselves that we have torn off Cobbett's mask, and revealed his cloven hoof. It is high time that the hydra-head of faction should be rapped over the knuckles.'

But the parody of Cobbett himself is a masterpiece, and fully worthy of its original—the demagogue who invented so many of the stage-thunder effects afterwards made use of by Thomas Carlyle :

'*A propos*, as the French valets say, who cut their masters' throats—*à propos*, a word about dresses. You must, many of you, have seen what I have read a description of—Kemble and Mrs. Siddons in *Macbeth*, with more gold and silver plastered on their doublets than would have kept an honest family in butcher's meat and flannel from year's end to year's end. I am informed that all such extravagance is to be done away with here. Lady Macbeth is to have a plain quilted petticoat, a cotton gown, and a *mob-cap* (as the Court parasites call it; it will be well for them, one of these days, if they don't wear a mob-cap—I mean a *white* cap, with a mob to look at them); and Macbeth is to appear in an honest yeoman's drab coat, and a pair of black calamanco breeches.'

On a somewhat lower level stands the imitation of Johnson, which tails off woefully towards the end. Yet it is an important landmark in the history of parody, in that it sets the example of leaving its victim's sentiments alone, and simply of trying to catch his *gaufrier*—the 'hang,' the mechanism of his style. This method

was pre-eminently the right one in dealing with a writer like Johnson, the regular beat of whose rhythmical pendulum may be heard in every line of 'Rasselas' or the 'Rambler'—at any rate, no one will fail to detect it whose ear has been trained by 'Rejected Addresses.'

That which was organised by the moral ability of one has been executed by the physical efforts of many, and Drury Lane Theatre is now complete. Of that part behind the curtain which has not yet been destined to glow beneath the brush of the varnisher, or to vibrate to the hammer of the carpenter, little is thought by the public, and little need be said by the Committee. Truth, however, is not to be sacrificed to the accommodation of either; and he who should pronounce that our edifice has received its final embellishment would be disseminating falsehood without incurring favour; and risking the disgrace of detection without participating in the advantage of success.

One concluding word of praise is due to James and Horace for the parodies they were wise enough to leave unwritten. Samuel Rogers and Campbell were then at the height of their reputation; and it is sometimes thought that their names were not included in the list of victims because the brothers supposed them to be above the reach of criticism. This is unjust. They were really left out because the parodists knew their business, and were not going to waste time on faultless mediocrity when other, greater, writers were ready to their hand, whose 'style and habit of thought, being more marked and peculiar, was more capable of exaggeration and distortion.' Besides, the Preface most unhesitatingly gives the first place among the poets of the day to 'the *clarum et venerabile nomen* of Sir Walter Scott.'

Mrs. Parsons's charming article dispenses me from re-telling the later career of the brothers—how Horace was emboldened by his success to write a whole series of books, including a novel, 'Bramletye House,' which had considerable vogue in its day. James did not tempt the providence of literary reputations again. Nor did he tempt the God of Love. As he once wrote in his niece's album:

Should I seek Hymen's tie,
As a poet I die—
Ye Benedicks, mourn my distresses!
For what little fame
Is annexed to my name
Is derived from *Rejected Addresses*.

For a man of reasonable ambitions, the fame was quite enough.

PROSPECTS IN THE PROFESSIONS.

IX. THE CITY.

'THE defendant in a judgment summons at Lambeth County Court yesterday described himself as "in the City." Judge Emden asked the man, who was fashionably dressed and wore gold pince-nez, whether he was on the Stock Exchange. *Defendant*: No. *Judge Emden*: "In the City" is a wide term. You must tell me exactly what you are. *Defendant*: Well, I am a tailor, now out of employment. (*Laughter.*) As plaintiff could give no evidence as to means no order was made.' This extract from a recent number of the 'Daily Chronicle' brings out clearly two leading facts about the City, the first being that you may be in the City and yet be almost anything, even an unemployed tailor, and the second that, whatever you are in the City, if you carry with you an air of prosperity and wear evidences of wealth, or credit, such as fashionable clothes and gold pince-nez, the general public, including even County Court Judges, will assume that you are on the Stock Exchange.

But though you may be almost anything in the City, if you are to prosper in that strange world, you must have caught something of its spirit and act with some of the jerky rapidity that seems to put springs in the heels of its inhabitants. There are doctors in the City who receive patients, examine them, prescribe for them, and get rid of them all in about two minutes. Needless to say they have no 'bedside manner,' and they cultivate a brutal directness of method which they have to be very careful to shake off when they leave their offices and return to their suburban practices. There are clergymen who give luncheon-time addresses to congregations of clerks; and it is said that the celerity with which they 'get to business' would astonish a West-end congregation, and perhaps even prove a stone of stumbling. In the City everybody has to be quick: even lawyers and Government servants, who work within half a mile of the Bank, do not take more than about twice as long over things as any reasonable human being.

The chief reason for this celerity, which is the most marked

characteristic of City work, is the fact that the City is now only a place of business, uninhabited at night except by caretakers. Men of business come in from the suburbs, or from Park Lane, and they know that at a certain hour they must be quit of their work and out again. In the old days, when bankers and bill brokers lived in Lombard Street and slept above their offices with safes full of gilt-edged securities and acceptances under their beds, there was no particular reason why business ever should end; just as to this day in many of the provincial towns, where the distinction between the commercial and residential quarters is less strongly marked, it is boasted by the inhabitants that you 'can deal up to midnight.' Happily for Londoners they are so widely dispersed when they go to their homes, and the telephone service is so inefficient, that business has to be done by five o'clock or not at all. Consequently they have to work hard and fast while they are at it, and can then leave it, knowing that no more is to be done, and that they may make the best of their leisure for a few hours. It is said that this great advantage of City work is to be lost to it owing to promised improvements in the means of communication; but this change will involve a social revolution, and therefore will take long in the making. In the meantime City work has to be done between ten and five o'clock, and so has to be done quickly; and anyone who meditates going east of Ludgate Circus for his livelihood should take counsel with himself and determine whether he is able to think, speak, and act quickly; and if not whether he can learn to do so. For if not, he will find it hard to make his way, unless he has on his side either adventitious advantages or rare and sterling qualities of sufficient weight to make up for the absence of the promptitude which is almost essential.

This essential quality, however, is one which can be learnt much more easily than would be believed by easy-going folk who cannot conceive the notion of doing anything in a hurry; and the other qualities which make up a good man of business are simply those which are required for the due performance of most of the ordinary acts of life—honesty, punctuality, and common sense. A business man has to know what he is doing, and do it to the best of his ability; which sounds very simple, but if everybody in all ranks of life did just this, the world would spin round on its axis with astonishing velocity. The problems that the City man has to face are often complicated enough, but he is not

expected to see very far beyond the tip of his own nose ; and if he does he is as likely as not to be misled by his own far-sightedness. For he is, as a general rule, a mere broker in the widest sense of the term ; that is to say, he is a go-between who buys or borrows from one and sells or lends to another, taking his commission, or whatever his fee may be called, *en passant*. An inventive genius would be useless in the City. For the City produces nothing and creates nothing. It is the great go-between of the world, and it traffics chiefly in that airy figment which is generally called money, but is more properly described as credit.

There are, of course, industries in plenty which have London for their home, but they are not in the City. They have been elbowed out by the money-dealers and forced to find cheaper sites for their factories in the East End or the suburbs. The characteristic work of the City consists in the trade in money, and its business is done by bankers, who receive money on deposit and lend it out at interest, and by stockbrokers, who put money into securities or turn securities into money, according to the orders of their clients. The business done in Lloyd's, where underwriters protect shipping and other enterprises from the risks to which their occupation exposes them, is really only an appanage of the money-lending trade ; for if there were no body of specialists engaged in the underwriting business the risks run by capital would render its present cheapness and easy availability quite impossible. There are also other collateral businesses such, for example, as that of auditing and accounting, which, from whatever causes they may have originated, are now worked as a side show in the money-lending and investing organisation. Finally, there are the metal markets and the produce markets, dealers in which handle the grain and cotton and tea and other commodities that are poured into London, thanks to her position as the capital of the great free-trading and money-lending nation. In all these occupations, however, the City man remains but a go-between. He is a middle man in the biggest market in the world.

As such he has no use for extraordinary talents. The middle man is probably one of the most useful workers that the development of modern industry has produced, but he requires none of those mysterious elusive qualities which are associated with creative genius. The distributor must be 'all alive' ; he must know what A is producing and what B wants, and for how little margin of profit C is prepared to buy the product and resell it to

the ultimate consumer. But he has no need for the almost uncanny insight into the movement of trade conditions which is required by the organisers of the great producing industries, still less for the inventive ingenuity which, by improvements in machinery and processes, causes great forward strides in production, and sometimes revolutionises social conditions.

If the work done by the City is work that does not call for the exercise of high intellectual gifts, the use and wont of English society certainly does not waste much of its talent by sending it into the City. If a member of a family among the educated classes shows signs of possessing more than his fair share of brains it is exceedingly improbable that he will be encouraged to exercise his ingenuity in any form of trade. On the contrary, all the influences of his home and school life will be directed to turning him towards a University career, followed by one of the so-called learned professions. It certainly seems a pity in these days, when so much is said about the necessity for the scientific organisation of business, that so many of our best heads should waste their lives in chopping sophistical logic in the Law Courts. But so the thing is for the present, and it is an important consideration for anyone who contemplates the City as a profession to remember, namely, the fact that in the City he will not have to face the competition of the flower of his contemporaries, who will be scrambling for briefs, teaching unruly forms in public schools, or rusting in the deadening atmosphere of Government offices.

From this comfortable fact he may draw consolation if he does not carry much tophammer in the way of intellect. He may make a shift to do without that, but there are, nevertheless, certain things which we must have, if he is to prosper in the City, according to the City's notion of prosperity; that is to say, to put the matter at a modest valuation, if his income is to express itself in four figures. In order to reach this level a man of merely ordinary ability must start with the advantage either of plenty of capital, wherewith he may buy himself a ready-made position, or of good credit, which will serve the same purpose; or of some family or other connexion, which will help him in his upward struggle. A man who has none of these advantages is pretty sure to find himself at the end of a life of toil and drudgery in the City still in the position of a hewer of wood and drawer of water, and will perhaps, if he serves a good firm or company, be drawing

a salary of 300*l.* a year. This is supposing that he begins with no capital, no connexion, and a quite ordinary headpiece. If he has brains and good fortune he may come through the ruck in time; but now that it is rather fashionable for men of good social position to condescend to visit the City for a few hours every day, and turn their aristocratic connexions into pelf by serving as ornamental members of Stock Exchange firms, and sometimes even adorning stools in commonplace commercial concerns, the upward path of the penniless adventurer in the City, how great soever his aptitude and ability, has become very much more arduous.

For it cannot be too emphatically impressed upon anyone who contemplates the City as a possible career that those who work there are divided roughly into two classes—the men who manage the businesses and the men who keep the books. The former earn thousands and the latter earn hundreds. For the latter require no more ability and education than is possessed by the average boy when he leaves school. A few months' or at the outside a year or two's practice will do the rest to make a good bookkeeper and general clerk. It is therefore out of the question for those who do this class of work to expect high salaries; for cheap, nay gratuitous, education turns out an unlimited supply of the article. As long as a man remains a bookkeeper he can only expect to rise to 5*l.* or 6*l.* a week, however steady and punctual he may be, and however long and faithfully he may serve; and it is very difficult for him to rise from that position into the ranks of the managing class unless he has a friend at court. In the first place the qualities required for two sections of the City's social organisation are very different; and it is quite possible, in fact likely, for a potential Napoleon of finance to be a very indifferent clerk, and consequently to be condemned to remain a clerk all his life because his real abilities never get a chance of showing themselves; and in the second place there is the competition from the West End which has already been indicated. For since the smart circles of English society have submitted to having their standard of ostentation and their scale of extravagance imposed upon them by American millionaires and South African helots, it has become necessary to alter many notions as to what may be done in order to keep shot enough in the locker for modern quick-firing achievements; and so instead of leaving their business to be done for them by a curious race of mortals who work in the City, the ornaments of these circles have been

known in recent years to venture into the City themselves and join the chaffering throng, taking, of course, a position such as befits their station in the offices that they patronise, and so leaving less and less elbowroom for those who have to struggle up by main force.

When Rodney Stone was shown the sights of London by that elegant exquisite, his uncle, he relates how 'we passed down the Strand, where the crowd was thicker than ever, and even penetrated beyond Temple Bar and into the City, though my uncle begged me not to mention it, for he would not wish it to be generally known.' Nowadays Sir Charles Tregellis would have found several people in the City whom he would be quite prepared to recognise; but then he would probably have been on the boards of half a dozen companies himself, and perhaps come in on a motor occasionally, and attended a directors' meeting. This invasion of the City by the West End is a very important matter. Its social consequences do not concern us here, but it has certainly exercised a distinct influence on the tone of the City, especially on the Stock Exchange, where, as we shall see when we deal with particular forms of business, the commercial yoke is less galling than elsewhere. Some old-fashioned members will tell you that it has gone far to lower the tone of the 'House,' because the invaders know and care little about its traditions and code of honour, and regard the City simply as a place where money may be picked up without trouble. It is also urged that certain forms of snobbery and flunkeyism, generally so dear to the middle-class Englishman in his leisure moments, have now obtruded themselves into business hours; and one of the financial papers not long ago printed an article in which it quite seriously gave categorical instances of the manner in which certain firms of stockjobbers had attracted brokers with social ambitions into the net of their connexion by ornamenting it with desirable introductions and invitations. Let us finally add, before leaving this rather delicate side of our subject, that some of the ornamental invaders of the City have taken the trouble to learn their business thoroughly, and have set an example of punctuality, accuracy, and diligence to those with whom they work.

Having endeavoured thus to give a general view of the work of the City and of the qualities and advantages required for its successful prosecution, and of the kind of competition that those who enter will have to face, let us now deal with the various kinds of

openings that offer themselves. It must be remembered, however, that it is quite impossible to give exact figures, and to tell a man precisely that if he devotes himself to this or that sort of business he may expect to earn such and such an income after a certain number of years of work. We have already stated the maximum to which the patient clerk may expect to aspire; even that figure must be taken with certain obvious reservations, and it is still more evident that the most patient of clerks cannot be certain of attaining to it. Still more difficult is it to hazard any estimate of the income which members of the managing classes may earn. For be it understood that when we speak of the managing classes, we do not restrict the term to general or departmental managers of joint-stock companies; it is applied, for our present purpose, to all who manage any sort of business, whether for others at a salary, or for themselves with all, or a share of, the profits as their emolument. As for the profits of members of the Stock Exchange and Lloyd's, it is perhaps safe to guess that in average years they range from 1,000*l.* to 20,000*l.*; among the private firms of bill brokers, also, they are probably within these figures. The private banker is almost extinct nowadays; but to judge by the profits of the joint-stock banks his trade must have been a very profitable one. Partners in the leading firms of auditors, again, must earn sums which in one year would capitalise a man of moderate tastes and enable him to retire. But all, or nearly all, these businesses are subject to considerable fluctuations in their profit-earning capacity. Let us now consider them separately.

Perhaps we had better follow Judge Emden's example and begin with the Stock Exchange. The Stock Exchange somehow bulks bigger in the public eye than any other City institution, except, perhaps, the Lord Mayor's Show and civic banquetings. Perhaps it is because members of the House are forbidden by their rules to advertise in the ordinary methods that they are forced to cut a conspicuous figure, both collectively and individually, whenever an occasion offers itself in order to attract public attention. Certain it is that whenever loyalty is to be expressed, or a political demonstration—of course on the Conservative side—has to be got up, or mafficking is to be done, or a foreign potentate has to be shown the sights of the City, the Stock Exchange is certain to 'take a very front seat,' as it would say itself, in the proceedings. Be it also added—and this is certainly not a question of advertising—that when a subscription has to be raised

for any form of charity, the generosity of the House is always as ready as its loyalty or its rowdiness, however bad the times may happen to be.

Another reason why the Stock Exchange should be treated first is the fact that it and its members differ in many respects from the rest of the City. This is partly the effect of its doing its business in one huge hall, where all its members meet to deal, instead of working in separate offices, like bankers, bill brokers, and the like. There are, of course, other institutions which work more or less in the same way, such as Lloyd's and the Baltic, but their numbers are not so great as those of the Stock Exchange, and they certainly have not the same reputation for mutual persiflage and ragging among the members. The point is very relevant to our purpose, because anyone who goes on the Stock Exchange must be prepared to face chaff and, perhaps, horseplay good-humouredly; and it is not a career that can be recommended to anyone who is of a shy, diffident, or sensitive disposition. Be it understood, however, that popular prejudice rather exaggerates the amount of horseplay that goes on in the House. Members do not really spend any considerable proportion of their time in knocking off one another's hats, blowing penny trumpets, and setting a light to a newspaper that any absent-minded person happens to hold behind his back. Nevertheless, when business is slack, this vast assembly of men with nothing else to do, is apt to display ebullient spirits, and being an extremely good-natured and good-humoured crowd it resents anything like ill temper on the part of anyone who may happen to be its temporary victim. As a rule, however, the form that its attentions take is quite harmless and inoffensive, and anyone who has come through school life without finding the high spirits of his fellows intolerable to his sensibilities may face the music of the Stock Exchange with equanimity.

Besides this capacity for taking chaff, members of the House must, like everybody else in the City, be prompt: they must accustom themselves to decide quickly and to act quickly, and they must cultivate a knowledge of human nature as revealed in the course of their daily business. Thus far we can go speaking generally of the 'House'; but now we must distinguish, for the qualities and capacities required for brokers and jobbers differ materially.

Most people know that the Stock Exchange is divided into brokers and jobbers, but few members of the outside public have

a clear notion of the distinction implied. The general conviction seems to be that the broker buys and sells stock for clients and takes a commission, but the jobber buys and sells on his own account; that is to say, simply backs his fancy as to the future course of prices, and is a mere speculator. This is a complete delusion: the jobber deals for the public just as much as the broker, though he does not, or should not, enter into direct relations with the public, being brought into communication with it only by the broker's intervention; and he does not *qua* jobber speculate at all, but makes his book even after every bargain.

It is necessary to make this very uninteresting matter clear because according to the popular notion the jobber's business is terribly risky, while the broker can always sleep soundly, however uncertain the outlook may be. This is so far from being the case that anyone who is thinking of entering the Stock Exchange, and has the choice before him of an opening either in a broker's or a jobber's office, would for many reasons be well advised to become a jobber rather than a broker. In order to convince him of this we must be allowed to explain the functions of the two.

The London stock-jobber is a unique specimen, and has no counterpart in the provincial Exchanges, or in Wall Street, or on any of the Bourses. His origin is veiled in some mystery, but we find him in Dr. Johnson's Dictionary defined as 'a low wretch who gets money by buying and selling shares in the funds.' Nowadays, if asked to justify his existence and to explain why he is necessary in London when other financial centres do without him, he will probably reply, if he happens to have considered the matter, that he is required because the business done in London is so diverse, and the number of securities there dealt in so enormous, that the division of labour involved by his existence is absolutely inevitable if the business is to be done at all. All this may be true enough, and probably is to some extent an answer to the supposed question; but it must be admitted that the jobber has shown signs lately of usurping brokers' functions as well as his own, while he, on the other hand, has been memorialising the Committee of the Stock Exchange because of various alleged malpractices on the part of the brokers; in fact, both the camps into which the usage of the 'House' has divided its members are rather sworn to mutual abolition just now, and a very pretty quarrel is raging, which is not, happily, very relevant to our present purpose.

It is, however, relevant up to this point: the jobber objects to brokers transacting their business with anybody but himself, and he contends, not without reason, that if brokers buy and sell for their clients with outside firms instead of with jobbers the market in the House becomes less 'free,' and the public is not able to have its business done so well. For this is the jobber's function; he constitutes the market. He confines himself to one set of securities, whether it be Home Rails, or Kaffirs, or the Jungle, to which he may turn his attention, and he always stands in one place, and is to be found there ready to make a price and buy from, or sell to, any broker who comes along to do business in his market.

Perhaps the matter will be clearer if we relate briefly the history of a Stock Exchange bargain. We will suppose that Smith, a broker, receives an order from a client to buy a hundred Lipton shares; he goes to the Miscellaneous market, as it is called, wherein commercial and industrial shares are dealt in, and is seized by Jones, a jobber in this market, who asks him what he wants to know. 'What are Liptons?' says Smith. Jones, who knows that they are changing hands in the market—that is, among the jobbers—at $1\frac{1}{4}$, replies: 'Three five, I'll make you.' By this answer he means to signify that he will buy at $1\frac{3}{8}$ or sell at $1\frac{5}{8}$. 'O skittles!' says Smith, and is about to move on to another jobber. 'Either side of a quarter, then,' says Jones, meaning that he will deal at a margin of $\frac{1}{8}$ above or below $1\frac{1}{4}$. 'Not good enough,' says the inexorable Smith, and finally Jones says '24s. 9d. to 25s. 3d.' 'Thanks,' says Smith; 'I buy.' So Smith, instead of paying $1\frac{5}{8}$, that is, 26s. 3d., per share, as he would have done if he had not 'squeezed' his jobber, gets his shares at 25s. 3d.; and Jones undoes his bargain at 25s., that is, buys back the shares from another jobber, who has just bought from a broker at 24s. 9d. The business is done quickly and without friction, and everybody is pleased, except probably the clients—and they never would be satisfied, even if stocks and shares were given to them gratis and bought from them at ten times their market value. They would always think that somebody was making too much out of them, and that their business might have been done better.

This concrete example of a jobber's occupation shows that while he sticks to his legitimate business he is not gambling at all. He knows his market, and that is all that is expected from him; he knows exactly the price at which he will be able to cover him-

self by a repurchase or sale, and therefore he is safe in buying from a broker a shade below that level, or selling to him at a slightly higher price. His natural endeavour is to make his margin as large as possible, that is, to quote his two prices as widely apart as possible, and we saw that the broker, by refusing to deal at the quotations that he received at first, forced the jobber to make closer and closer prices, until he was at last satisfied that he had done the best he could for his client. So far from being a speculation, the jobber is a dealer in commodities which, as a rule, can be handled with a *minimum* of risk. In times of panic or great excitement it may sometimes happen that it is physically impossible for him to make his book even, or undo his bargains as he goes; but in the normal course of business such difficulties do not arise, and all that a jobber requires is a keen knowledge of his own market, and the acquaintance of plenty of brokers who will do business with him when they have to deal in his market. And it is this knowledge of brokers which constitutes the jobber's connection; without it he can do no legitimate business at all; and it is in order to attract brokers into their net that jobbers are reported nowadays to make use of so many devices, some of them rather questionable. It is here that influential connections count for much. If you are thinking of starting as a jobber in Home Rails, for example, and you have an uncle who is on the board of a bank or an insurance company, he can easily manage to bring it about that the brokers who are employed by the said bank or insurance company to do their Stock Exchange business shall give you at any rate a share of their patronage whenever they have to deal in the Home Railway market; for the rest you will have to trust to your capacity for making friends, and to your reputation as a man who is 'always business'—that is to say, one who does not lose his head because the market gets jumpy and hysterical, but is prepared to stand by and deal whatever may be going to happen. With these qualities and advantages in his favour a jobber on the Stock Exchange is probably more happy in his circumstances than anyone else who seeks fortune in the City. He deals only between members of the 'House'—that is, if he sticks to his legitimate business as a jobber—and so only has people of more or less approved security on his books; and, as compared with the broker, he requires little office accommodation and a small clerical staff: he begins work about eleven, and, in most markets, can go home at four o'clock, though the habit of

dealing in 'the street' after official hours is modifying this pleasant aspect of the jobber's life.

The stockbroker, on the other hand, deals directly with the public, and deals with it in a commodity on which it is probably more ignorant than any other. From this it results that he has to be at work earlier than the jobber, for before he comes down to the House at eleven he must have mastered the contents of dozens of letters from his clients, many of which are probably composed of about nine tenths of irrelevant matter to one tenth business, and some of which are so carelessly or clumsily expressed that they take half an hour to unravel. It also follows that the broker must keep a staff of clerks to deal with his correspondence, and must have an office into which clients can be admitted with no danger of their drawing uncharitable inferences from the state of the upholstery. Finally members of the House have to meet their obligations on Settling Day or else declare themselves defaulters; whereas the public, for whom the broker deals, pays its way if it happens to remember or if it has the money handy; consequently the broker has to have a much larger capital than the jobber, for he has always to face the risk of his clients being behindhand in paying either the purchase price of their investments or the 'differences' that they owe on speculations; and if they are behindhand he has to find the money. Thus his risks in ordinary circumstances are greater than those of the jobber, his hours are longer, his working expenses are higher, and the conditions under which he works are more irritating. He has to suffer the querulous complaints of clients who do not understand the course of business, and suspect that they are being overcharged or otherwise wronged. It is really curious how people who would never think of asking a cabman to drive them into the City for nothing expect their investments to be carried out gratis by all parties to the transactions. A 'member of the public' wrote not long ago to one of the financial papers pointing out triumphantly that he had discovered why it was that Stock Exchange prices were expressed in double quotations: he had found out that it was in order that the public might have to sell at the lower price and buy at the higher. He seemed to think that the whole system was a conspiracy to rob the public, and that he had rendered a national service by investigating its insidious mechanism. It might have occurred to him that the margin left was the reward of a useful member of the monetary

machine without whose efforts investment and speculation would be in other respects a much more costly business.

This sort of criticism, however, is only a minor annoyance of the broker's life: he has also to submit to having hours of his day wasted by garrulous clients who discuss potentialities of every security under the sun and then give an order for 100*l.* stock. And it is becoming fashionable now for ladies to visit the City and discuss the probabilities of a little flutter; so that all the ruthlessness with which the whole contents of a shop is ransacked before the fair customer decides to 'call another day' is repeated further East, and the stockbroker has to cultivate the physical attractions and grand air of a shopwalker as well as the unwearied patience of the milliner's assistant. And to widen his connection he is not allowed to advertise in a legitimate manner, and so has to spend much time, energy, and money in indirect but efficacious methods of bringing himself and his business capabilities before the eyes of an unappreciative public. Thrice blessed is he who has a comfortable family connection which secures him a steady stream of sound investment business from a bank or solicitor.

But we have already lingered much too long over the Stock Exchange and its mysteries, with the result that we have little space left for the rest of the City. But after all the rest of the City is comparatively plain and commonplace when once we have grasped the meaning of Capel Court. For one thing, the Stock Exchange guards its privacy jealously and proceeds at once to assault and batter an unwary stranger that ventures within its gates, whereas anybody can go into a bank, and see the cashiers shovelling the sovereigns across the counters as if they were mixed biscuits. Some of us too have known what it is to go into a bank manager's parlour to try to arrange about an overdraft merely as a matter of temporary convenience, when we have observed that one very suave and benevolent-looking gentleman engages us in genial but quite irrelevant conversation while another in a quite unconcerned manner vanishes into a *sanctum* and examines a private record in which all sorts of libellous notes have been entered concerning our value from a strictly material point of view. Anyone can tell what a bank manager must be—polite, patient, inexorable, with a certain code of banking rules engraved in his memory and a knowledge of human nature. After all a banker's chief business is taking money from one set of people

and paying them interest on it, and lending it to another set of people and charging them a higher rate of interest. He has to be careful of course not to lend it to the wrong people or the wrong security, and to avoid these pitfalls he requires a good memory and a knowledge both of men and of securities. And though it is so long since there has been a banking crisis in London that the memory of them is almost faded out of men's minds, it must not be forgotten that times may come when a bank's credit may be saved by the presence of mind and imperturbability of its manager. Banking competition is keen and banks are always opening new branches—too many, some keen observers think—and though the remuneration of branch managers is not princely, men get a chance thus of showing what stuff they are made of. A little interest is a useful thing to have in the banking world also, and it is whispered that relatives and connections of the directors are sometimes advanced with meteoric rapidity; but the competition is too keen to allow nepotism too free a hand; and it may perhaps be said that a really smart lad, who has to start without influential backing or connections, has a better chance of working his way up to the top in banking than in any other branch of City life.

Insurance is another opening for talent, but it is talent of a very special kind; the very highest mathematical gifts are required by the actuaries who work out the risks of life insurance and enable the companies to calculate to a hair's breadth the extent to which they may venture to outbid their rivals by the apparent generosity of the terms offered to policy holders; but apart from this special department the work of life insurance is almost entirely mechanical, and though the companies pay their clerks well they have not many prizes to offer. The business of fire and accident companies is less mechanical, and offers more scope to young men who have to work their way up, since the gifts required for their management are less purely mathematical. It is impossible to tabulate fire and accident risks with the precision that has been reached in the matter of life insurance, so that a good business head and general common sense get more chance in these branches of the industry.

The same may be said of marine insurance, which is divided between various joint-stock companies and the private firms which compose the membership of Lloyd's. Of the latter, and also of the Baltic and Produce Exchanges, it may be said that the difficulties which stand in the way of advancement on the part of the

penniless and unconnected adventurer are quite as great as in the case of the Stock Exchange; luck and ability may bring him through, but the struggle will in any case be hard and tedious.

Auditors, again, are folk who earn very fine fees when they are at the top of the tree; but the cream of the business is divided among a few well-known firms, who are regarded as possessing a prescriptive right to it, and nothing but the skim-milk is left to the rank and file of the profession. In fact, in contemplating the City as a place of occupation, we discover everywhere the existence of barriers set up by caste and prescription: these barriers do not make the struggle for existence by any means hopeless for those who have to scale them, but they make it most emphatically necessary to warn those who think that the City is an easy place to make a fortune in, if only a fellow will take the trouble, that they are labouring under a delusion that may cost them dear. The City has its prizes, but those who run for them do not all start from scratch.

Let us finally recapitulate the qualities that make for success in the City. It is perhaps most of all important that a man should be a good fellow and able to get on well with his fellow creatures. Probably the importance of this quality in all ranks of life is not sufficiently recognised. Good nature and geniality will generally take a man much further than brains. Then he must be quick and 'always business,' and he must be straight. For the City's standard of honesty and honour is high. Few City men, for instance, would condescend, like leading K.C.'s, to take large fees and then leave the work to an incapable junior; and it will be a great help if he has a sense of humour and can tell a good story.

THE UNPOPULARITY OF PRIVATE PAGETT.

BY MAJOR W. P. DRURY, ROYAL MARINES.

IN the weather-bitten, lichen-covered church, that looked older even than the cromlech on the tor above, Evensong was drawing to a close, and, to the strains of 'The day is past and over,' the churchwarden fingered the almsbag from the ledge before him, and tiptoed into the aisle. As he approached my corner, an enormous red paw spread across the lumbar area of his broadcloth and a general air about him of aggressive respectability, I hastily substituted a shilling for the threepenny-bit I had designed as an offertory. For it was a matter of notoriety that no one could gauge the value of the unseen coin with more disconcerting accuracy than my friend Mr. Pagett, vicar's warden, landlord of the 'Coach and Horses,' and sometime a private in the Royal Marines.

'I will wait for you in the porch,' I whispered, as I ostentatiously dropped my shilling into the bag.

But so much in request was he, first by the vicar in the vestry, and afterwards by half a dozen parishioners in the darkened church, that by the time he joined me at the door I had half repented of my resolve to walk home with him.

'What a thing it is,' I snapped, 'to be the most popular man in the parish!'

'To say nothin' of the neighbourin' 'alf dozen,' he added modestly, as he buttoned himself into his great-coat. 'But talkin' o' popularity 'minds me o' just such another night as this, with a three-quarters moon blotted out every now an' then by 'eavy showers.'

'There's one beginning now,' I interrupted. We were walking down the churchyard path after locking the tower door behind us.

'Then we'd best mark time under the lych-gate till it's over,' he observed philosophically; 'unless, that is to say, you'd rather pick up the double and race it.'

Seeing that we were a hundred feet above the hamlet, and that the road thither was little more than a cattle track, I favoured his first suggestion, and we halted beneath the picturesque lych-roof.

Closing the gate, which was on the inner or churchyard side of our shelter, Mr. Pagett seated himself on the coffin-stone, produced a well-coloured meerschaum, and began an ostentatious search of his numerous pockets.

'If that there gate,' he explained carefully, 'was on the outside instead o' the inside o' the lych, we should be standin' (or sittin', as the case may be) on consecrated ground, an' therefore onable to smoke. Bein' where it is—— 'Ang me if I 'aven't left my prayer-book an' baccy-pouch on the table in the vestry!'

'To a pipe-smoker a cigarette, I fear, is but a sorry makeshift. Nevertheless ——'

Apparently he was not of my opinion, for on handing him my case he absent-mindedly extracted three of its five remaining Melachrinos. But instead of smoking them in the orthodox manner he ripped open the paper cover of each with his penknife, and, without losing a single shred, deftly packed the contents into the capacious bowl of his pipe.

'I never could pick up the parlour trick of keepin' a cigarette dry between the teeth,' he explained, as he stopped the tobacco with the tip of his (comparatively) little finger. 'After the first pull at it the end frays out in my mouth, and after the second I gen'rally bite the blessed fal-lal in two. My matches must be with my prayer-book an' pouch on the vestry table.'

Again I played my usual rôle of honorary tobacconist to Mr. Pagett.

'You—er—mentioned a similar night to this,' I presently hazarded, assured that the great man's pipe was drawing satisfactorily.

'Latitood forty-three twenty north,' he mused, pocketing my matchbox, 'an' longitood twenty-one seventeen west. I did mention it. We were two days out from the Azores, 'omeward bound from the West Indies to Plymouth to pay off, and the night was as like this one as be damned!'

'Really,' I murmured, 'from a churchwarden ——'

'I know, I know,' he interrupted testily; 'but you may take my word for it that a archbishop in aprin and mitre 'at would be croolly 'andicapped by his tongue if he'd spent more than 'alf his life on lower decks and in barrick rooms, same as what I 'ave! But to return to our rations o' mutton, as those 'alf-baked Frenchmen say. From bein' the idol o' that there ship's company I became in one bloomin' minute the most onpopular man in a

complement of seven 'undred an' fifty souls. It was this way—look.'

Mr. Pagett paused to turn up the collar of his coat, for it was draughty under the arch. I lit a cigarette and seated myself beside him on the coffin-stone.

'The junk was the *Bodmin*, first-class battleship, fourteen guns, fourteen thousand one 'undred an' fifty tons, somewhere about ten thousand indicated 'orse power, an' commanded by Capt'n Sir 'Enry Pagett, Baronite, Companion of St. Michael an' the Garter, and a distant ancestor o' mine—though of course he pretended not to know it. She'd been in commission a matter o' three years an' five months, mostly within the tropics; and you may take it from me that, wherever else you may find 'em, you will be disappointed if you expect in a man-o'-war at the end of a long foreign commission the "peace on earth, goodwill towards men" the parson was preachin' about to-night.

'Under the conditions, and 'uman nature bein' what it is, the two things are impossible. The last few months of waitin' for one's relief are dead against 'em. In the *Bodmin*, moreover, we'd been still further 'andicapped by painter's colic and prickly 'eat. One 'alf o' the wardroom orf'cers didn't appear to know the other 'alf, even by sight. The first-lieutenant discovered that the commander was a liar, the commander was convinced that the first-lieutenant drank, and both were agreed (especially after Sir 'Enry 'ad shown them his confidential report o' them to the Adm'rality) that the skipper was made up in equal parts of knave and fool. The young gentlemen o' the gunroom divided their watch below between spells o' sulky gloom and gen'ral mellees, which landed 'em all on the quarter-deck before the commander. In the warrant orf'cers' mess for'ard the gunner 'ad told the bo'sun he was no gentleman, and neither of them was on speakin' terms with the carpenter, who 'ad drunk both their tots o' grog while the gunner was bein' 'ammered. On the mess-deck the bluejackets began to wonder (loud enough for us to 'ear) what the 'ell marines were sent aboard for; and when the stokers, who are always our chums, told 'em, the skipper 'ad to clear lower deck an' read the Articles o' War. Then, at the Azores we picked up the latest noos of Fashoda.'

Mr. Pagett removed the meerschaum from his mouth and laid two well-browned sausages (slightly resembling fingers) on my knee.

'You will onderstand how late it was,' he observed impressively, 'when I tell you that the signal ran—"War between Great Britain an' France declared!" As the message was spelled out by the signalmen o' the watch upon the bridge, it ran from fo'c'sle to wardroom and back again by way o' the flats like wireless telegraphy, bein' felt, in a manner o' speakin', without any aperiënt means o' communication. For, almost before the yeoman with his slate had reached the skipper's cabin the cheerin' 'ad begun, which lasted a full ten minutes.

'It was soon after daylight when we took in the signal, the ship bein' still some miles off the land; and, knowin' how welcome our 'omecomin' would be to the Adm'rality at such a crisis, the skipper decided not to touch at the islands but to crack on for Plymth at top speed. As we might fall in with the enemy at any moment, we were kep' paintin' an' gildin' the ship's pretty-work from breakfast to supper time, with the exception of one hour when we were exercised at repellin' boarders with pikes. At nightfall the look-outs were doubled, and the capt'in's valley took his master's bedding up to the chart'ouse on the fore bridge.

'It is wonderful how many int'resting things a really intelligent man sees an' hears on board a man-o'-war in the course o' the day's work. Before the sun was over the foreyard that mornin' I'd observed through the wardroom skylight the fleet-surjin and chief engineer, who hadn't been on speakin' terms for months, drinkin' each other's 'ealth in a couple o' gin an' angostura cocktails. While doin' the last dog sentry-go on the capt'in's cabin door I accidentally heard 'im through the key'ole tell the commander and the first-lootenant how pleased he was with the paint-work at such a grave crisis, and how he should in consequence recommend them both to the Adm'rality for promotion. You will therefore onderstand that I was 'ardly surprised to hear them say, on passin' my post afterwards, what a blessin' it was to serve with a skipper who was as smart as paint and as straight as a bloomin' die. On the lower deck the bluejackets 'ad suddenly grown so polite to the Marines that the stokers were quite jealous, and the gunroom mess seemed as 'appy as a young ladies' school breakin' up for the 'olidays. But on no one fore and aft the ship was the effect o' the signal more marked than on the warrant or'cers. For, goin' for'ard in the dinner hour, I saw the gunner, bo'sun an' carpenter standin' arm-in-arm in a cloud o' baccy smoke, an' with the sparks from the blacksmith's forge fallin' all round 'em.

The First Lesson to-night, about Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the burnin' fiery furnace, 'minded me of them.'

For some moments Mr. Pagett had been irritably tapping his pipe-bowl against the edge of the coffin-stone. I handed him the last of the cigarettes.

'Smoke it as it is,' I urged; 'your pipe is evidently choked.'

He placed it with a sigh of resignation between his teeth, lit it, took a couple of puffs, bit off the already frayed end, and eyed me as aggrievedly as though I had been the inventor of that foolish fal-lal, the cigarette.

'But I really am not,' I murmured involuntarily.

"*Searchlight on the port bow!*" he shouted, with an irrelevance that made me jump.

'It was on our second night out from the Azores. Three bells in the first watch—'alf-past nine we call it ashore—'ad just been struck by the sentry, and the 'ands were in the act of bein' piped down, when the look-out electrified the ship with them five simple words. In an instant all thought of obeyin' the pipe was gone; the bo'sun's mates themselves stopped dead with the whistles between their lips; ev'ryone for a second or two stood as rigid as though the bugle 'ad just sounded the "Still!" Then the pin-drop silence was cut in 'alf, as the sayin' is, by the sharp cry of the look-out on the other side of the fo'c'sle.

"*Searchlight on the starboard bow, sir!*"

'And out o' the darkness from the bridge over'eard came the calm acknowledgment of the orfcer o' the watch:

"Very good."

'I've always thought that it's not so much his education as the generations be'ind him that make a gentleman act different from the lower deck at times of strong excitement. Although the 'alf-dozen orfcers on deck knew p'raps better than what we did the meanin' o' they two searchlights, not one o' them raised his voice above its ordin'ry pitch. As for us on the fo'c'sle, 'avin' nothing in the way o' pedigree to 'andicap our natural instincts, we first cheered ourselves 'oarse, and then sang the National Anthem as far as "Send her victorious." Before we reached "'Appy an' glorious" the bugles sounded off "Action!"

'Never in the 'ole course of that long commission had we gone to gen'ral quarters with such a good 'eart as upon that showery, shadowy night three 'undred and fifty miles north-east o' the Azores. 'Itherto we'd cast loose the guns for drill only—or for

target practice at best—an' always with one eye on the commander's paint-work. But this time we were goin' to lick the French, an' no one cared a tinker's curse for the paint excep' the commander hisself, whose promotion depended on it.

'Now, although it has taken me some time to put all this into words, less than five minutes 'ad elapsed between the second look-out's hail and the commander's report to the capt'in that the ship was cleared for action. Every light throughout her—except the electric sparks o' the night sights, which lay like a pair o' glow-worms on the chase of each gun—had been switched off or masked. Even the searchlights in the offing 'ad disappeared, and the three-quarters moon was blotted out by a heavy rain-squall which 'ad over'auled us out o' the sou'-west. My station bein' at one o' the spar-deck Hotchkiss Q.F.'s, I'd good reason to remember that shower, for it drenched me to the bloomin' skin.

'But in spite o' the rain and the darkness the *Bodmin* carried seven 'undred an' fifty of the lightest 'earts in the British Empire. For there was no shadow o' doubt as to the nationality of the electricians who 'ad worked them searchlights. Neither our Channel nor Reserve Squadron would be wastin' its sweetness on the mid-Atlantic at such a time; they were showin' their pretty-work (especially the gilded scrolls above their rams) elsewhere. On the other 'and, our 'omecomin' was well known to, and for certain good reasons eagerly awaited by, the enemy. I myself 'ad had several little affairs with wineshop keepers in Martinique, which caused me to be a marked man to the French Gover'ment.'

Mr. Pagett sighed heavily, though whether with remorse for the harassed Quai d'Orsay or because he had at length bitten his cigarette in two I was unable to determine. I inclined to the former theory.

"*L'infanterie d'Angleterre*," I quoted, "*est la meilleure du monde. Heureusement il n'y en a beaucoup.*"

The ex-private eyed me suspiciously. 'Well,' he retorted, 'I won't deny but what there *was* a petticoat or two mixed up in them affairs, though 'ow you came to guess it— Anyway, that's neither 'ere nor there. "Cap'n Pringle," sings out the skipper from the top o' the chart'ouse to the commander below, "we sha'n't be within range o' they cruisers for another twenty minutes at least. Let the orf'cers fall out and the men lie down alongside o' their guns. And, Pringle," he says, "as the pore fellers are wet through, and even a British seaman is 'andicapped for fightin'

when his teeth are chatterin' in his 'ead, I'll splice the mainbrace. Make the necess'ry arrangements with the fleet-paymaster," he says, "to 'ave the rum served out to them at their quarters."

'If the strictest silence 'adn't been enjoined from the moment we first sighted the enemy no popular dockyard member would 'ave been more roundly cheered than my distant ancestor when he made that graceful little alloosion to the condition o' the mainbrace. As it was, we on deck drank our tots with nods an' grins, while the orf'cers 'obnobbed over gin an' sardines (accordin' to tradition) in the wardroom below. At one end o' the table—so my towny the wine stooard told me afterwards—the commander was sayin' that he wished all first-lootenants were teetotallers like the *Bodmin's*, while at the other end Number One kep' whisperin' that there was no man whose simple word he would take more readily than the commander's. In place o' the wicked passions which reigned fore and aft the ship but two days previous there was now nothin' but unity, peace an' concord.

'When the word was presently passed for us all to fall in again round the guns ev'ry eye above the water-line was nat'rally turned towards the north-eastern 'orizon. The great loom of the sweepin' rain-squall still blurred the sky in that quarter, but stretchin' upwards and inwards from either side, till lost in the cloud itself, were the two searchlights of the invisible French fleet. And you may lay to it that mine was not the only gallant 'eart that thumped at sight of 'em.

'But a stillness not entirely doo to *discipline* bimebye fell on that shipful of eager 'eroes. As the cloud vanished the search-rays shot 'igher and 'igher, till one of the spare numbers at the gun (a recruity 'e was) gripped me by the elbow and pointed through the port:

"'S'elp me!" he whispered, "I never onderstood till now why they call the blamed thing the arc light. Blimy if it ain't for all the world like the beginnin's of a great arch across the sky! Jumpin' Je'oshaphat, chum"—he was 'oarse with excitement—"the bloomin' rays are *bendin'*!"

'Bein' Number Two I 'ad the lever o' the breechblock in my 'and, and I closed the breech with a clang that made the upper deck quarters skip like one man.

"'The French fleet!" I cries, 'oldin' my sides, while the tears ran down my face. "To think," I says, "that we've cleared for action an' spliced the mainbrace all for a bloomin'——"

“Put that pot-bellied, pap-brained, 'owling dervish under the sentry's charge!” roared the Companion of St. Michael an' the Garter, after he'd danced a *pas de sool* on the chart'ouse roof.

'And several of the 'ands who'd jumped 'ighest when I slammed 'ome the breechblock so far forgot theirselves as to cry “'Ear, 'ear!”

'For, such are the changes an' chances of this mortal life, in one fleetin' minute that there discov'ry o' mine 'ad changed a justly popular idol into the best 'ated man in the ship!’

Mr. Pagett rose from the coffin-stone, and I followed his example. For the shower had passed and the moon once more shone from a clear sky overhead.

'The nex' mornin', while the 'ands were bein' turned out,' he continued, as we prepared to descend the hill, 'a bluejacket looked over the edge o' my 'ammick and alluded to Marines in a way that might 'ave 'urt an ordin'ry soldier's feelin's. But I always made allowances for the pore, ignorant, flat-footed fellers; besides, even Solomon in an 'ammick would 'ave been 'andicapped in argument with a man on his feet. And this man was the 'eavy weight champion o' the squadron, so I looked at him in dignified silence, an' presently he went away.

'But before prayers that forenoon I discovered that he was not the only man affected by the crool disappointment of the previous night. After a breakfast that was like a Dorcas meetin' for back-bitin' and slanderin', one alf o' the wardroom orf'cers again cut the other 'alf dead upon the quarter-deck. The gunroom was less like the young ladies' school of yesterday than a cageful o' bear cubs with sore 'eads and the power o' profane swearin', while the gunner, bo'sun an' carpenter 'ad arranged by dinner-time for a triangular dooel near the bandstand on Plymith 'Oe. From the unity, peace an' concord of the past two days the entire ship 'ad reverted to the angry passions of the previous five months.

'At seven bells, as we were cleanin' guns, the fleet-paymaster climbed the bridge ladder and touched his 'at to the skipper:

“I've come to ask you, sir,” he says, “whether I'm to charge them seven 'undred an' twenty tots o' rum last night to the public, and, if so, what reason you wish me to assign for such an abnormally large issue. The gen'ral action we—er—anticipated didn't come off after all, so——”

“Seven 'undred an' twenty tots!” shouts the skipper, when

he'd recovered his breath. "Then, in the name o' Beelzebub," he says, "what's become o' the temp'rance brigade the chapling 'as been feedin' with tea an' buns all the commission?"

"There was no temp'rance brigade last night, any'ow," says the pusser with a grin; "seven 'undred an' twen——"

"Well, I don't want to 'ear no more about it," interrupt's my distant ancestor, post-capt'inlike, "and what's more I won't. If there was seven 'undred an' fifty blind fools aboard this ship last night," he says, "Capt'in Sir 'Enry Pagett, Baronite and Companion of St. Michael an' the Garter, was the blindest. Charge it to me," he says, "and log it as issued under the mistaken impression that the date was the First Lord's birthday."

For the next few moments we continued our walk to Mr. Pagett's accompaniment of 'The day is past and over,' whistled in march time and in five successive keys.

'That searchlight?' I presently hinted, when I could stand no more; 'what was it, after all?'

He stopped in the middle of a bar and of the roadway at the same instant:

'Don't accuse *me* o' the *coincidence*,' he growled, staring aggrievedly before him, 'but—well, that there searchlight off the Azores was twin-brother to the nat'ral phenomenon over yonder. Look!'

I looked. The valley before us was spanned by a lunar rainbow.

JUSTUS VON LIEBIG

Tuesday, May 12th, will be the centenary of the birth of Justus von Liebig, one of the great scientific and educational forces of the last century.

LIEBIG is known to most of us only as the inventor of a method of preparing 'extract of meat.' He has infinitely stronger claims on our remembrance as one of the fathers of modern chemistry, and as a man who took a leading part in laying the foundations on which his fellow countrymen have constructed their splendid system of higher education in chemistry and physics, and built up the great industrial system which we all admire, and which not a few of us regard with some degree of anxiety. It is rather saddening to reflect that had we in England attended more closely to his teachings half a century or more ago it is probable that we should not in this the year of his centenary still be only partly provided with a satisfactory system of advanced scientific education in this country.

Much of Liebig's most important work was begun whilst he was still a very young man. Like Davy he found his chance quickly. But we learn that to the average pedagogic eye he did not exhibit very early promise. Like a good many able lads he had not a good ear-memory, and so he could not learn his lessons in the gymnasium at Darmstadt, where his father lived, so well as many who were really his inferiors. He was, in fact, so unsuccessful a pupil, that the rector of that institution denounced him before all his fellows as 'the plague of his teachers and the sorrow of his parents.' Nor did he at first give greater satisfaction in a more practical line of life, for being apprenticed at about fifteen to an apothecary, he was sent back to his parents within a year. The cause of this second misfortune was not, however, altogether discouraging. There is always room for hope about the boy who has initiative, and the apothecary wanted to be rid of Liebig on account of the numerous and sometimes serious explosions which resulted from the private and particular researches of the latter into the qualities of his master's stock of chemicals. His subsequent career was certainly well calculated to give comfort to the fathers of troublesome sons. Only five or six years after his dismissal by the apothecary (1824) he was

made professor of chemistry at Giessen, on the recommendation of Humboldt, and when he died in 1873 it needed the combined powers of no less than three distinguished masters in three different faculties of science to do justice to his work in the memorial addresses delivered in his honour; whilst Hofmann in his eloquent Faraday lecture declared that Liebig's name was the one which alone at that time, 1875, 'was fitted to stand beside Faraday's in the representation of the nineteenth century to future generations of mankind;' that he was the one man, then, who, with Faraday, would receive from posterity reverence such as is given to giant figures like those of Galileo, Kepler, Newton, and Lavoisier. To-day, now the sands of the nineteenth century have fully run, there can be no doubt that Hofmann's successors would place other names beside those of Faraday and Liebig. But still the fact remains that during the earlier part of that century Liebig was one of the very great figures among that class of men in whose work we must seek, as the present Prime Minister said some years ago, for the causes which more than any others conduce to the movements of great civilised communities in these later times.

Liebig was essentially a great pioneer; he played a leading part in no less than four important new departures. The first of these was the opening of the Giessen Laboratory. This event heralded a revolution in our ideas on the function of science in general and technical education. The second was his early work in helping to create the new organic chemistry. This included, besides the discovery of multitudes of facts, the invention, after six years' labour, of the first satisfactory method for finding the composition of the so-called organic substances—*i.e.* of the compounds of carbon which we derive from plants or animals or prepare artificially in our laboratories; his share in working out, with Wöhler, the theory of compound radicles; and his discovery, in conjunction with Gay-Lussac, that cyanic acid and fulminic acid, though very different in their properties, are made of the same components united in exactly the same proportions:—a discovery which helped to convince chemists that the properties of chemical compounds do not depend solely on the nature of the elements of which they are composed, nor on the proportions of those elements present in them, nor even on these two circumstances combined, as had previously been supposed, but also upon the manner in which their atoms are arranged; and which thus helped to open to

their view a new world of phenomena, almost as full of wonders, as rich in promise, and indeed I might say almost as rich also in the novelty of its gifts as the 'New World' discovered by Columbus and Cabot in the fifteenth century.

Later in his life Liebig did splendid things in the application of chemistry to agriculture and physiology. A memorable work was his 'Animal Chemistry or Organic Chemistry in its Applications to Physiology and Pathology;' whilst his famous book 'The Natural Laws of Husbandry' has been described as constituting 'the first perfect construction of the philosophy of Agriculture,' and as sufficient in itself to have secured for him imperishable fame. By his experiments and writings on these subjects he not only overthrew many of the false or vague hypotheses then current, such as the humus theory, but replaced them by sounder conceptions giving us at last clear and correct ideas on such important matters as the origin of animal heat, the relations of plants and animals to one another and to the air they dwell in, and also taught us the importance of the saline materials of the earth to the plants, and the importance of returning these to the soil if we would maintain its fertility unimpaired. It is true that in these, till then, comparatively unexplored fields Liebig's conclusions on details, and even on important details, were not always right. But these have been corrected as fuller data have become available, and after all is said it remains that by his work in this department he cast ray after ray of clear light where before had been darkness or at best a glimmering twilight.

Finally, I must add that by the publication of his famous 'Familiar Letters,' first in the *Augsburger Allgemeine Zeitung*, and afterwards in book form, he did more, perhaps, than any one else to popularise science in the best sense of that term throughout the civilised world, and to create in his own country that peculiar attitude of mind among its people which is held by many to afford the real foundation on which both the immense progress of pure science in Germany and the recent great development of the scientific industries in that country are based.

In 1819, when Liebig had to beat a retreat from the apothecary's shop in Heppenheim, it was, as he has said, 'a wretched time for chemistry in Germany.' In England, Davy, Dalton, and others were doing, or lately had been doing, great things. In Sweden there was Berzelius, one of the very greatest of modern chemists;

whilst France, at that time, was rendered glorious by the presence of a whole galaxy of brilliant discoverers. But in Germany science languished. It was in fact in such a bad way that, astonishing as it may seem to us now, Liebig soon found himself compelled to seek light away from the Fatherland, for in those days not a ray was to be found at home. Even elsewhere the sources of illumination were few. There was not in all Europe one public laboratory in which a student could get instruction in practical work. In England I believe that John Dalton took a few pupils. In Sweden Berzelius gave a few fortunate followers, like Wöhler, the discoverer of aluminium, a place at the kitchen fire which he shared with Anna, his cook. In Paris, if properly introduced, one might gain admittance, as Liebig did, to one of the garrets or cellars which then served as laboratories for the great French workers, but no other opportunities for practical work existed, even in these favoured centres.

Liebig changed all this. Being introduced by Humboldt to Gay-Lussac, and thereby gaining the advantage of working with this brilliant man, he conceived in his company the idea of founding, when he should get back to Germany, a public laboratory where he should be to his younger fellow countrymen all that Gay-Lussac was to himself. His chance soon came. He was appointed Professor at Giessen, and the dream of his Paris days became reality. He opened his laboratory and soon was at the head of a band of eager young workers, all picked intellects, gathered from every civilised country. The effect throughout Europe, and especially in Germany, of the opening of the door of the Giessen laboratory was like that of the kiss in the sleeping palace. Soon other teachers of chemistry and physics began to realise the importance of what Liebig was doing. Other professors opened laboratories for students, then others, and then yet more, till now, as we know, not only every university and every capital, but every third-rate town, indeed every well-equipped secondary school, has a laboratory such as did not exist anywhere in Europe for the purposes of instruction eighty years ago; whilst Liebig's sense of the importance of practical work so spread itself that a corresponding advance soon began in connection with other branches of science.

But we are not only in Liebig's debt for the wonderful results of this fruitful idea. He not only opened the first public laboratory for students, but also originated the best system of advanced scientific training yet known to us. In his laboratory, except for

the beginners, there was little or none of the merely formal instruction in the methods of qualitative and quantitative analysis which has been so overdone in this country. Every student under Liebig had a task to perform, a research to carry out. He followed his own method, and was only helped by consultations with, and suggestions from, his chief. Every worker in the Giessen laboratory followed every other worker's researches. Every one helped every one else. All were teachers, all were learners. From dawn till nightfall all were steeped in real scientific research. At night it was difficult to get them to go. This is the famous method of the German universities of to-day, and Germany owes it all to Liebig. Other nations have been slow to follow it, though it quickly raised German chemistry from the lowest to the highest place, and ever since has steadily kept it there in spite of defects in other parts of their system.

But Liebig's services to education did not end even here. We are engaged in England at this moment in an attempt to reorganise and improve the education of the masses of our population, and side by side with this we are, as a great industrial people, deeply interested in the question of technical education. Here also Liebig has shown us the right road if we will but follow it. In one of the most weighty and lucid of his delightful 'Familiar Letters' he deals with this question. Pointing out the great importance of chemistry to medicine, geology, physiology, and in many arts and manufactures, he reminds us that up to that day hardly any demand had been made upon the science of chemistry by these and other branches which had not been responded to. 'Every question,' he says, 'which has been clearly and definitely put has been satisfactorily answered.' But, as he points out, in order that such questions may be put thus clearly and definitely, it is necessary that those who put them, whether they be doctors, agriculturists, or manufacturers, shall know enough chemistry to put them intelligibly, and to understand the answers they receive. This does not mean that they must be able to do the work of the chemist. But that they must be so far trained in the method of experiment as to be able to ask simple questions of nature, and to interpret the results obtained intelligently. The success of a new process depends, he reminds us, far less on mechanical skill than on knowledge. And success is gained by skill in combining facts and ideas, and by that intellectual power which creates new thoughts just as much in a factory as in a

laboratory devoted to work in pure science. Can men, he asks, who do not understand the nature of an investigation, and who cannot interpret the language of phenomena, be expected to derive any assistance from discoveries in science, and can they be deemed capable of making the most insignificant applications of such discoveries to practical purposes?

Hence Liebig's answer to the question so many of us are still asking, 'What is technical education?' was that whilst farming must be learnt on the farm, bread-making in the bakery, dyeing by work at the dye-vat, those who would take advantage of the resources science puts at their disposal, 'in these cruel times,' must study the sciences on which their trades depend as far as possible in the same way as students of pure science. That is they must learn the 'go' of them as completely as possible and not be satisfied with a peep here and a peep there. Above all, they must train their powers of observation, of putting questions to nature, of translating the answers, and of distinguishing the true answers from the false to the highest pitch of perfection they can attain. The truth of all he says on this subject has been recognised and acted on in Germany and in America far more than in England. The value in a factory of a good 'college man' caught young is recognised far more fully in those countries than among ourselves. And this undoubtedly is one of the causes of the rapid development of their industrial resources which we all have witnessed in recent times.

Great as Liebig's educational work was, it by no means exhausted his astonishing productiveness. If he had not originated and worked out his wonderful system of teaching by research he would still have been remembered for his splendid contributions to pure science and in other directions. It is almost impossible to give any adequate idea of the amount, variety, or quality of the purely scientific work Liebig accomplished. A mere list of the titles of his memoirs would occupy as much space as the whole of this article, and so widely do they range over the scientific field that Hofmann declared in his Faraday lecture that the many-sided genius of Liebig baffled his sense of order and selection; whilst in addition to these memoirs—there are more than three hundred of them—he produced a prodigious amount of scientific literature of high quality.

Of course much that Liebig did in the previously almost untilled fields of agricultural and physiological chemistry has,

as I have already said, been superseded. Though he showed the right way, he was not always right, and this has sometimes led his successors to forget that the truth of much that now seems self-evident to us was established first by him; to forget that we start with the advantage of a platform built by him, and that whatever advances we have made have been largely the result of following his methods. But in spite of the rejection in these later days of some of his conclusions our debt to Liebig is sufficiently great, and we must not forget that if his successors have gone further and seen more than he did, this does not reduce our debt to him any more than the discoveries of more recent travellers diminish our indebtedness to the courage, determination, and genius of a Sebastian Cabot or a Christopher Columbus. On the contrary it adds weight to our obligations to both alike.

By way of illustrating his work in these fields at its best I may give a single example. It was Liebig who first gave us a really clear idea of the true relations of plants and animals to one another, and to the ocean of air which they jointly inhabit. When he began to study agricultural chemistry, the humus theory was still in the ascendant. And therefore a reasonable science of agriculture was impossible, for a true science of this subject could not be founded upon false ideas as to the means of nutrition of vegetables. According to the humus theory the source of the fertility of the soil was supposed to be the vegetable mould or humus which it contains. The plants were understood to absorb this humus in solution by means of their roots, and by many it was believed to form their chief nutriment. Our fellow countryman, Priestley, had, it is true, laid the foundations of another and truer hypothesis. But in Germany the humus theory was very widely held in Liebig's days, and though it was by no means definitely accepted in England at that time, yet, on the other hand, after a careful study of the writings of such authorities as Davy, Daubeny, Thomas Thomson, and Brande, one rises far from convinced that the alternative hypothesis suggested by Priestley's work was really accepted by the English chemists. They seem to have had no clear perception of the source of the carbon of plants, and some of them doubted if the plants could really remove carbon dioxide from the air, and still considered that the carbon of manure must be an important source of supply.

Liebig went straight to the heart of this matter. Humus under the conditions in which it exists in the soil is insoluble in

water; even in the presence of alkalis such as the soil contains it is not sufficiently soluble to account for the vegetables produced. It follows that the humus of the earth cannot be absorbed by the roots of plants, and therefore that it cannot be the chief source of nourishment to the plants. Moreover, he showed that plants add to the amount of carbon in the soil and do not diminish it; and pointed out that as humus is produced by the decay of vegetable matter the first plants can have had no humus to feed upon. On the other hand, he reminds us that one of the most striking facts about the air is the circumstance that in spite of the vast amount of oxygen consumed by animals, and in other ways, the proportion of this gas in the air does not seem to decrease. Air taken from Pompeii, for example, from buried vessels, contains the same proportion of oxygen as a sample of country air to-day. And, again, although countless generations of animals have poured carbon dioxide into the air in the past, and though vast quantities of this gas have been produced by decay, and in other ways daily for ages, the amount now present is quite astonishingly small.¹

How is the supply of oxygen thus maintained constant, and how is the amount of carbon dioxide kept so low under these circumstances?

Using data supplied by his predecessors, Priestley, Sennebier, and De Saussure, Liebig showed that this remarkable constancy in the composition of the air is brought about by the plants. The life processes of plants not only supply animals with food, the means of nutrition, they also purify and regenerate the air for the use of the latter. By absorbing the carbon dioxide they keep down the amount of this unwholesome (unwholesome to animals, that is) constituent of the air; and by retaining its carbon and returning its oxygen to the air they afford the animals an inexhaustible and unfailing supply of the latter absolutely essential element. On the other hand, the animals, by producing supplies of carbon dioxide, which the plants need, make it possible for vegetables to maintain their existence, and thus it becomes possible for successive generations of each to support life almost indefinitely in spite of the fact that the materials available for their nourishment occur in quantities which can by no means be regarded as inexhaustible.

One would wish to give some further illustrations of what

About 3 parts in 10,000 only.

Liebig did in these difficult branches of applied chemistry—to describe, for example, the researches into the origin of animal heat by which he brushed away the empty theories of his predecessors, and showed that the whole of the heat produced in the animal body can be accounted for by the oxidation of its food within the organism; or to discuss the mineral theory of agriculture, which if not equally successful was at least equally stimulating in giving rise to valuable discussions and experiments. But considerations of space forbid my dwelling further upon these matters, or upon the details of Liebig's more purely scientific work, or giving any account of the share he took in the great scientific discussions of the nineteenth century, in the course of which some of his opponents are said to have been treated at times in a manner 'quite dreadful to think of' in spite of the real benevolence of his character, which always seems to have prevented any permanent misunderstandings arising from the rough treatment his adversaries received when he was engaged in the task of rending and destroying what seemed to him an error.

Liebig was skilful in correcting popular delusions on scientific subjects. A notable example of this may be found in the overthrow of the once much-discussed theory of 'spontaneous combustion,' a comparatively modern error, dating it seems only from the year 1725, but which persisted long after Lavoisier had explained the real nature of fire; which was from time to time put forward with success in the defence of persons on trial for murder, and received its last support from Charles Dickens. His success in this direction throws a pleasant light on the progress of civilisation. One wonders what would have been the fate of Liebig had he opposed himself to such an error in the sixteenth century, when Kepler could only save his mother from going to the stake for witchcraft by satisfying her judges that she possessed none of the signs essential to a witch. In those days Kepler did not dare to say that there were no such things as witches.

Liebig was highly appreciated in England. He paid several visits to this country, and was always deeply gratified by his reception here. On one of these visits he made the acquaintance of Faraday and his wife, for both of whom he soon acquired a profound sense of love and admiration. Writing to the former after a visit in 1844 he made the following noteworthy remarks

on the mental characteristics of the Englishman as compared with those of Germans at that time.

'What struck me most in England,' said he, in this letter, 'was the perception that only those works which have a practical tendency awake attention and command respect, while the purely scientific works, which possess far greater merit, are almost unknown. And yet the latter are the proper and true source from which the others flow. Practice alone can never lead to the discovery of a truth or a principle. In Germany it is quite the contrary. Here, in the eyes of scientific men, no value, or, at least, but a trifling one, is placed on the practical results. The enrichment of Science is alone considered worthy of attention. I do not mean to say that this is better; for both nations the golden medium would certainly be real good fortune.'

In 1865 he was specially invited to England, at the cost of the nation, to advise on the disposal of the stores of plant-food which, under the name of sewage, we daily cast away. But his advice was not followed, and, though he received a vote of thanks from the Corporation of London, he was greatly disappointed with the immediate result, or rather with the want of result, of his efforts. Had his proposals been adopted it seems probable that his centenary would not have been distinguished by the regrettable incidents at Winchester which led to the recent Oyster Scare.

Liebig died in Munich, whither he had been called from Giessen, in 1873.

It is a singular fact, in view of his position and influence, that up to 1895, and I believe to this present moment, no comprehensive and popular account of Liebig and his life work has been produced in his native country. Several volumes of his letters have been published and several memorial addresses. But these are chiefly interesting to the man of science. In England, however, we are better provided, for we have the Faraday Lecture of Hofmann on his scientific work, and also a more popular life in the 'Century Science Series.'

W. A. SHENSTONE.

FROM A CONVENT GARDEN.

IN the cool green fragrance of a convent garden, against a background of tall white convent walls, there lies an atmosphere of shaded stillness and pearly light, a remote reposeful sense, on which the murmur of the outer world, both actual and figurative, comes as the far-off whisper of a very distant sea.

We are at Neuilly, at the Dames Anglaises, and for the nonce yield ourselves up, sinking contentedly to the very lips in a clear and flowing tide of ancient story, wherein past and present at moments so closely mingle that we almost lose our sense of actuality; and, surely, nowhere can tradition, fascinating twin sister of the written word, dwell so untroubled and secure as in the precincts of a cloister.

The nun, in the austere folds of her long white habit, broken and harmonised by a minutely pleated muslin cotta reaching to the knee, the note of austerity finding itself again in the broad leathern belt and the black veil above the stiff coif of linen—the nun in her moments of leisure moving silently under the green alleys, or sitting with folded hands and a kindly face which show like soft-tinted ivory against the white, sits and moves ‘in her very habit’ as she has done for many hundred years, and raises in us an awkward sense of our own incongruity. For one wild moment a passionate regret seizes us for the picturesque beauty of the Vandyke dress in which Henrietta Maria and her lords and ladies in their exile visited these Dames Anglaises in theirs, or for the brocades, the powder and patches, the red heels and the long canes of a later time, when the mundane costume brought to these precincts the piquancy of contrast, whereas we of to-day raise but a jar of discord with the stately beauty of these austere robes. The idle wish is soon absorbed in the delighted interest with which we listen to our friend, the oldest nun in the community, whose years are eighty-two, and who has celebrated her diamond jubilee within these walls. Almost her first words lift us straight back into a far distant time of turmoil and unrest, and, spoken by her in a pleasant slightly humorous voice, intensify the feeling that here the past and present are commingled:

‘When my grandfather built his new house at Great Crosby in

Lancashire, he made the priest's hiding-hole in the kitchen chimney. Once, a bishop, a great friend of his, was staying with him, and the pursuivants got wind of it, so they came and lighted a fire in the kitchen, but they did not know,'—and here a smile twinkled over the old face, on which time alone, unaided by the passions, cares, and ambitions of the world, had laid a fine network of wrinkles, 'they did not know that there was a way out from the hiding-hole to the roof, so the bishop got away.' From her own recollections—and she has passed through two Revolutions—and from the archives of her convent and its traditions, extending back to 1616, she tells us what follows :

We are Canonesses Regular of the Order of St. Augustine, our Rule dating from the second Council of Lateran in 1139, and our traditions nearly four hundred years further back. Early in the thirteenth century a small community of ladies of our Rule had a *hospice* at Déchy, a village in Flanders. They devoted themselves to the care of the sick, and received pilgrims and poor travellers. The constant passage of troops and the many vexations they had to suffer forced the nuns in 1227 to leave Déchy and move nearer to Douay ; so they built themselves a convent at the village of Sin-le-Noble and called it Notre-Dame de Beaulieu. There they lived for nearly four centuries in peace and quiet, but the times becoming greatly troubled again, the same causes which had compelled them to leave Déchy drove them in 1616 to solicit from the council of Douay the favour of establishing themselves in that town. Their new Abbey of Beaulieu took six years to build, and soon rose to a high degree of splendour. Twenty-two abbesses succeeded one another, of whom several belonged to the greatest families of Flanders. The last of them, Marie-Anne de Mortagne de Landas, died in 1794, at the moment of the suppression of her abbey. Four years later the whole place was sold by the State.

At the beginning of the seventeenth century, with hardly an exception, all the convents in England had been suppressed, and young ladies with a vocation to a religious life had to expatriate themselves and seek admission to some foreign abbey. To Douay, where the famous English College had been established more than half a century, it was natural that English ladies should come, and to one of them, Letice-Mary Tredway, a Canoness of Beaulieu, and to Thomas Carre, a priest of the College of Douay, was due the establishment of a new convent, an offshoot of Beaulieu, where we should all be English ; and so we have remained ever

since, the foreign names upon our register from 1615 to 1884 numbering but seven or eight, one of them, happily for the safety of our community, as we shall see later, that of Mademoiselle Angebault in 1870.

Leticie-Mary Tredway, born in 1593, was of the family of Lord de la Warr, her father being Sir Walter Tredway, of Buckley Park, Northamptonshire, and her mother, Elizabeth Weyman. She seems to have come to Beaulieu as a pupil, the canonesses having an educational establishment, and at the age of twenty-three, in 1616, she entered the novitiate. She probably cherished from the first the project of founding a monastery where both religious and pupils should be exclusively English; but it only began to take shape in 1632, when the two first members of the future community, Bridget and Dorothy Mollyns, arrived at Beaulieu from England and were heartily welcomed by their future abbess. After manifold difficulties, but having a powerful friend in Louis XIII.'s mighty minister, Cardinal Richelieu, the infant society moved to Paris from Beaulieu in 1634, and installed themselves in the Rue d'Enfer, the Abbess of Beaulieu detaching two of the servants of the abbey to serve the new house, and sending the little band away furnished with a goodly supply of stuffs for their chapel furniture and for their own garments, of objects of piety, bedding, and with ten pistoles for their journey, which took seven days.

A curious little episode was connected with our coming to Paris. Cardinal Richelieu was our very good friend, but the Archbishop of Paris, Henri de Gondy, whose permission was one of the conditions under which Louis XIII. granted our letters patent, absolutely refused his consent unless we could prove that we had a sufficient endowment for the future subsistence of the community. It was an impossible condition, for the future depended on the dowries of future members and upon the income from the school, and the lady pensioners—'High Pensioners' as they were called, who would be received into the institution, according to the custom of the time. Monseigneur Richard Smith, Bishop *in partibus* and ex-Vicar Apostolic of England and Scotland, having had to fly from his country, a price of 100*l.* set on his head, had been received into his palace by Cardinal Richelieu, and remained there as his honoured guest until Richelieu's death. His intervention was invoked, and when he pleaded the cause of the Dames Anglaises, and made known the trouble the Archbishop

was giving them, the great minister solved the difficulty with infinite tact and celerity. He knew that Henri de Gondi was exceedingly anxious to obtain the cordon-bleu of the Order of the St. Esprit, the highest of French decorations. With the utmost delicacy Richelieu touched the spring, the opposition melted away, and our letters patent were soon afterwards signed and delivered under the seal of the archbishop.

The benediction of Letice-Mary Tredway as abbess was solemnly performed on March 26, 1634, the niece of Cardinal Richelieu, the Duchesse d'Aiguillon, and the Marquise de Meignelay, the virtuous sister of the archbishop, acting as sponsors. With her new dignity she became known as *Lady* Tredway—abbesses in the pre-Reformation days having, I believe, ranked with baronesses. We have her portrait by one of the great painters of the day, probably Le Brun, for he was a great friend of ours, her hand on an open book, and the abbatial ring upon her finger. She has a right English face, intelligent, firm, with honest kindly eyes, a fine complexion, and a sensitive mouth. As she was our first lady abbess, so was she our last, for it was found that in France abbesses were appointed by the king for life, and chosen by him according to his pleasure. Children had been known to be imposed as abbess, and the communities compelled to accept them in virtue of the *bon plaisir* of the king. The Dames Anglaises could not brook such a possibility, so they dispensed with the title of abbess, and Lady Tredway's successors have ever since been known as *Lady Superior*.

The new abbess began her rule over a community of but five members—Dorothy and Bridget Mollyns, Eleanor Skinner, Sarah Morgan, and Marguerite de Bury, a Belgian canoness of Beaulieu. One pupil, Mary Dormer, formed the nucleus of the future school. It is interesting to look at the names on our register—Waldegrave, Blount of Mapledurham, Paston, Talbot, Howard, Petre, Eyre, Towneley, Stonor occur again and again of the women who formed this conservative little England, set like a jewel in a foreign sphere. It was not easy in the early days for recusants to get away from England; the sisters Mollyns were arrested at Dover and imprisoned in the castle on their first attempt to reach Douay; being set at liberty and sent to London, nothing daunted, they made a second and this time successful attempt to sail from another and less strictly guarded port. They were seventeen and eighteen years of age.

The house in the Rue d'Enfer, behind the palace of Marie de Médicis, now the Luxembourg, soon got too small for us, and after a stay of two years in another and very unhealthy house in the swampy district of St.-Antoine, which cost the lives of two of her subjects, Lady Tredway was glad to move her growing family to the home which was to be ours for 222 years. The estate consisted of four houses and several vineyards in the Rue St.-Victor-des-Fossés; to one of these houses Charles IX. and Henri III. had been in the habit of coming to hear the concerts given by Jean-Antoine de Baif, one of the most singular celebrities of the Ronsard group. The new monastery was called 'Our Lady of Mount Sion,' partly because it stood on a height, and partly in honour of an ancient legend dear to our Order, according to which the first community of Canonesses Regular had been instituted on Mount Sion by the Apostles, continued by St. James the Less, and restored in later days by St. Augustine.

The school flourished in the new establishment, all the pupils were English, and we read in our annals 'of whom there were a great number, and those of the most considerable Catholic families in England.' We have no record of the subjects taught in those early days, except that Latin was obligatory until the Revolution, and that the fine arts, especially music, were cultivated. On the reopening of the school after the Revolution we find in the list of professors masters of Italian, Spanish, German, science, literature, &c., masters and mistresses of painting, music, and deportment, whilst the learning of Latin had become optional, and in modern days ceased altogether.

At the death of Cardinal Richelieu, Monseigneur Smith, ex-Vicar Apostolic of England, had taken up his abode within our walls in a small apartment contiguous to our cloister; there with his chaplain, Mr. Tempest, he lived thirteen years, and died in 1655. 'He erected and established this monastery,' say our annals, 'by his liberality, credit, goodness, piety, industry.' By his will he left us the little he possessed, except his pastoral staff, his books and MSS., which went to George Leyburne, the friend of Monk and former chaplain of Henrietta Maria, and newly elected President of Douay College. The most precious thing left to us by Monseigneur Smith was the pastoral ring of St. Cuthbert, A.D. 687. We carefully preserved this relic, doubly precious in our eyes, through two Revolutions, and then, at the reiterated prayer of Cardinal Wiseman, gave it to him in 1850,

and it is now preserved at St. Cuthbert's College, Ushaw, in Durham.

The year 1674 was a sad one for our community. Broken with years and infirmity Lady Tredway resigned her abbatial office after having governed with an enlightened and equitable rule, with firmness and with tenderness, through prosperity and adversity, her monastery for forty years, and seen the number of her subjects increase from five to more than fifty. She lived three years longer, dying at the age of eighty-four. Dorothy Mollyns was elected Superior in her place. The same year witnessed the death of Thomas Carre at the age of seventy-five, our chaplain for forty years, with Monseigneur Smith and Lady Tredway, the founder of our house. Pious and just, he was a remarkable administrator, and even in these busy days it is hard to realise how he accomplished what he did. Founder also of St. Gregory's Seminary in Paris and a member of the English Chapter, he crossed the Channel no fewer than fifty-six times, according to Edward Sutton his successor, or seventy times, according to Dodd. He was also a poet, a painter, an engraver on copper, and a sculptor. He collected books and published several theological works. He was the intimate friend of the poet Crashaw, whose works he published in 1652, two years after Crashaw's death. In the days when the penal laws were enforced with utmost rigour, Mr. Carre's voyages to England were perilous in the extreme, and even in 1660, in the milder days of Charles II., having to go to London, he obtained leave of Queen Henrietta Maria, who was going to pay a visit to her son, to travel in her suite. He went in a military disguise, and the 'unhappy Queen,' as she called herself, when she saw him thus equipped, dubbed him 'Captain Carre.' Both the King and the Duke of York recognised him, and passing through the streets of London the King twice stopped his horse to notice the improvised captain.

Although Queen Henrietta Maria was not on such terms of intimate affection with us as with the nuns of the Visitation in Paris, whose house she had founded and where her heart was preserved in the tribune of the chapel, we had many royal visits, especially in the exiled days of James II., from him, Mary of Modena, and their children. We used to receive them with all the pomp our poverty allowed. The Superior met them at the choir door, the nuns remaining standing in their stalls; the organ played, and as they knelt for a few moments on a prie-Dieu

surmounted by a canopy, *Domine salvum fac regem* was sung. They then partook of a collation in a room hung with tapestry for the occasion, and then descended into the garden, where 'they conversed with an amiability and simplicity which charmed everyone.' Through our chaplain we returned the visit and our thanks the following day; on birthdays and at the New Year we also conveyed our good wishes to them.

One day the Queen sent to ask the prayers of the community. Queen Mary of England had lately died, and 'with her, William of Orange had lost the pretence of legitimacy which covered his usurpation.' The Jacobites in England, and Louis XIV. himself, judged the moment favourable for an attempt to recover the crown. Heartily did we pray for the success of the King's arms. Alas! on July 3 Mr. Sutton, our chaplain, went to attend the King's levee at the Irish College. James II. had returned from his third unsuccessful attempt to recover his dominions. The same evening, without sending previous notice, he paid us a visit. At his death his body was buried at the Monastery of the Benedictine Monks in the Faubourg St.-Jacques, his heart was sent to the Visitation nuns at Chaillot and deposited near that of his mother, his brain was sent to the Scotch College, and we received one of his forearms. James III. occasionally visited our convent, and used to touch for the king's evil. 'He touched,' says our Journal, 'some that had, or fancied themselves to have, that evil.' The death of Mary of Modena closed our relations with the little Court of St. Germain. They had lasted twenty-four years, during which we had shared to the full all the hopes and fears, the disappointments and the sorrows of the last survivors of the unhappy House of Stuart.

The year 1685 was an anxious one for us. The growth of Paris and the bad condition of the steep and narrow Rue St.-Victor-des-Fossés made the authorities determine upon levelling and widening it. The cost to our community of rebuilding the premises upon the street was estimated by our architect at more than 50,000 *livres tournois*. Everything was done to stave off such a calamity. The Prévôt des Marchands was appealed to by the French ambassador to England; the Archbishop of Paris presented a *placet* to the King, the Papal nuncio presented another. James II. ordered Skelton, his envoy-extraordinary at the French Court, to use his utmost endeavours on our behalf. All these mighty intercessions fell before the magnificent answer

of Louis XIV.: 'If the public good required that my bedroom should be demolished, it would not be spared a single moment.' In our next encounter with the King we were more fortunate. One day, to the dismay of the community, the Commissaire-Général du Guet appeared at the convent with a Bernardine nun and handed to the Lady Superior, Anne Tyldesley, the following *lettre de cachet*: 'The Sœur de Méré is ordered to retire from the abbey of — and to proceed to the convent of the Religieuses Anglaises in the Rue St.-Victor-des-Fossés, in Paris. Versailles, February 11, 1705.' Madame Tyldesley immediately took her pen, and with the utmost respect declined to accept the charge. The Commissaire took away the lady, delivered the letter to the King, and we heard no more of the matter.

Our community at this period was very large. We counted from seventy to eighty religious—almost too large a number for the needs of the school and 'High Pension.' In 1693 Lady Browne came to the latter, bringing with her her granddaughter, Arabella Fermor, the 'Belinda' of Pope's 'Rape of the Lock,' who spent nine years in our school, with long absences in England. She married F. Perkins, Esq., of Ufton Court, Berkshire, and died in January 1737. Her niece, Agnes Fermor, joined our Order, and one day remarked, 'I am certain that there is very little comfort in a house that receives poets. I can remember that Pope's whims were so numerous that it would have required ten servants to satisfy them, and his praises of my aunt had infatuated her with herself, and made her extremely tiresome.'

It is hardly necessary to say that during the first 150 years of our existence in Paris our chapel had received several rich gifts from royal and other persons, or that the successive revolutions relieved us of nearly all of them, including the bones of our friends and benefactors which had been laid to rest under our care. One of these gifts has had a curious history. It consisted of three fine alabaster carvings, representing the Nativity, the Taking Down from the Cross, and the Madonna and Child. On the step of the little altar on which they were placed can be read the following inscription, deep cut in the old lettering of the time: 'These three devout rare pieces my L^d John Somerset brought from Trapané in Sicily at his return from Jerusalem. They were given to this Monastery by his eldest son, the Hon^{ble} Henry Somerset, Esq., A.D. 1684, to whom Almighty God be for ever propitious.' We managed to save them through two revolutions,

but in 1871, when the Communists sacked our convent, they were stolen. Great was our joy when, some months later, our Superior received an anonymous letter saying that if she would send to a certain house they would be restored to her. So they once again stand, recovered and uninjured, in their old place.

The sound of national and party strife at home seems to have found a faint echo within the peaceful but conservative walls of the Dames Anglaises, and it is rather amusing to read in our annals that under the rule of Ann-Frances Throckmorton (1720-1728), by twenty-eight votes in thirty-five, the chapter enacted that neither Scotch nor Irish members should be received into this exclusively English community. This enactment has long since fallen into desuetude.

But graver and nearer troubles were looming before us. They seem to have cast no premonitory shadow, for our annals for several years previous to 1789 record absolutely nothing but the calm events of a peaceful and well-ordered community. On May 4, 1789, the *Etats Généraux* met at Versailles, and on the same day the Dames Anglaises began the solemn prayer of the *Quarant' Ore*. Again and again, as on the day of the massacre of the Swiss Guard at Versailles, we find the little band of white-robed English nuns, as if in response to the successive acts of that dramatic year, making their long vigil of ceaseless deprecatory prayer for forty hours. It may be interesting to give the names of the twenty women who were about to traverse the blood-stained torrent of the Revolution and to emerge unscathed and undiminished at the other side. I give them as they were taken down by the four *Commissaires* who, in virtue of the new laws passed by the Constituent Assembly, appeared at the convent on June 23, 1790, and subsequently took an inventory of all our possessions and informed us that, by the law of February suppressing monastic vows in France, we were free to leave the cloister!—Frances Lancaster, superior; Agnes Fermor, subprioress; Dorothy Shelley, infirmière; Ann Canning, dépositaire; Mary Fitzherbert, sacristine; Adelaide Lancaster, mistress of novices; Mary Whittingham, Theresa Beeston, and Elizabeth Orrel, tourières; Elizabeth Stapleton, Mary Stockton, Elizabeth Bishop, Helen Finchet, Frances Bishop, Mary Stonor, class mistresses; Jane Pattinson, lingère; Catherine Spicer, Agnes Thomson, Frances Hailes, lay sisters; Sarah Litham, postulante. The amount of money found in the house is thus entered:

‘Found in the caisse, 180 livres in pieces of 6 livres, 3 livres, and 24 sous.’

All the nuns, interrogated singly and apart by the *Commissaires*, declared that they were perfectly content to remain in the convent and wished to die there, but the answer of our Superior alone has been recorded. She was the last to appear, and made her response with admirable firmness and dignity: ‘The state I have embraced is that of my choice, and I have lived in it happily. Called to the government of a house which is freely entered and where we live in peace, the affection I bear my Sisters is the sentiment I have sought to instil into them. My vow, according to my desire, brought me here; my vow, according to my religion, keeps me here; my vow, according to my duty, requires me to live and to die here. This duty has nothing but joy for me, as I have to fulfil it in a community which loves and desires nothing but good founded on solid virtue.’ Such a woman was likely to steer her helm with calmness and intrepidity in the coming storm.

The Dames Anglaises set energetically to work to save their house, if possible, from confiscation. *Mémoires* were sent to the Municipality and to the National Assembly, setting forth their quality as Englishwomen; the intervention of the English ambassador and of their friends in the Assembly was invoked. Writing to her sister, October 3, 1790, Ann Canning says: ‘Our first *mémoire* is printed. Even the *Enragés* are surprised that we should have been molested, the goodness of our cause is so manifest. You may believe, nevertheless, that were we not served by excellent friends, we might lose all.’ One of these friends, Eymar, *député* for Forcalquier, spoke for them before the *Comité*: ‘It is possible,’ he said in the course of his speech, ‘that the National Assembly thinks it can seize their property; it would be making them pay dearly for the hospitality France has accorded them. Just towards all, the National Assembly must be more scrupulously so towards strangers, who, devoting themselves to public education, have deserved well of us. I ask, therefore, that the resolution concerning the Dames Anglaises be referred to the joint Ecclesiastical and Diplomatic Committees, and that meanwhile their actual situation should remain unchanged.’

A decree in favour of foreign monasteries was passed October 28, and for two and a half years the Dames Anglaises were left in peace. They continued their ordinary life, following the Rule

with the same exactitude as of old ; the school, according to our Journal, suffered no diminution ; the number of lady pensioners remained the same. No doubt the horrible events passing outside cast sorrow and terror in our midst, but the Journal makes but one entry concerning them, and that one infinitely honourable to the community, for it would have been sufficient to send them all to the scaffold : ' January 22, 1793. To-day the mass of the community was said for King Louis XVI., executed yesterday.' Five months pass, and then another entry : ' To-day Mademoiselle de Nauteuil entered the school.' It is the last ; the Terror has imposed silence.

From time immemorial it was our custom to distribute soup daily to the poor of the *quartier*. One morning a *sans-culotte* happened to pass by, and, seeing the waiting crowd, began to give them a revolutionary harangue. The nun in charge of the dole, Mary Fitzherbert, noticing him, invited him to take his share and, moreover, asked him to come inside. The poor fellow was hungry and gladly accepted ; she gave him a goodly portion and a silver spoon to eat it with, seated at a table, whereas her ordinary clients were content to eat theirs with a wooden one and standing outside. The *sans-culotte* was in no wise offended at this inequality, nor was he ungrateful. A few days later he rushed in hot haste and utmost secrecy to the convent to warn the nuns that they would receive a domiciliary visit the following night. They had been denounced to the club to which he belonged as *suspectes*, and concealing nonjuring priests in their house. All compromising papers were immediately destroyed, the most precious objects and the contents of the *caisse* hastily buried. I myself, some fifty years later, discovered an oil-painting of the Passion concealed and forgotten in the back of an old washing-stand in a lumber room.

The hours of the night stole on, and the anxious inmates were beginning to hope that it had been a false alarm, when at one o'clock in the morning a furious banging was heard at the outer door, which not being opened quickly enough, there came a second volley of blows, accompanied by abominable threats and imprecations. At last the door was opened, and fifteen or sixteen wild-looking individuals, sword in hand, rushed into the cloister. The nuns were ordered, in the name of the law, to go into one room, where they were guarded at sight, while four of the band, forcing one of the religious, Frances Bishop, to precede them,

visited every corner of the place, opened every box and cupboard, searched under the beds of all the pupils, who trembled with fright, thinking their last hour had come. Happily and providentially, although they more than once passed the steps leading to the room where our chaplain, Mr. Hurst, was concealed, they made no attempt to mount them. The search lasted three hours, and then, to the relief of the nuns, the chief of the band told them they might consider themselves lucky after what he had heard of them, that he had found them *parfaitement en règle*. He added a modest request for refreshment, in order to *drink their health*. A few bottles of wine were produced, and the satisfied *citoyens* took their departure.

This was the prelude to the storm. So long as France had been at peace with England the Dames Anglaises were safe; but as soon as their country became the soul of the coalition against the Republic their position changed. On September 7, 1793, St.-André got the Convention to decree that all the English under arrest, or who might be put under arrest, should be held as hostages, to answer with their heads for the conduct of Admiral Hood, with regard to two representatives of the people, Pierre Bayle and Beauvais, and the wife of General Lapoype, who had been sent to Toulon to counteract the reaction, and had been thrown into prison by the people of the town, not by the English. A month later Robespierre is still more violent. 'I demand,' he cries on October 9, 'that you shall order the arrest of all the English, and the provisional seizure of their property.' 'Yes, yes!' breaks from all parts of the hall. 'I demand,' says Billaud-Varennes, 'that you pronounce a penalty of ten years in irons against any of the constituted authorities who may make any delay in the execution of this decree. I also ask for the same penalty against any persons who may harbour English people or their effects.' The amendments were adopted and the decree passed.

The following day the national guard of the section of the *Sans-Culottes* invested the monastery, placed sentries at all the doors, and the Dames Anglaises were prisoners. Three individuals, one a cobbler, another a singer, and the third, by name Pierre Nollot, whose profession is unrecorded, read the decree of the Convention to the assembled nuns, and then the *régistre d'écrou* was opened, all their names set down on it, as well as that of Mr. Hurst, the chaplain, who was allowed to remain in the

infirmary, and of five or six English ladies of the High Pension. The *Commissaires* then retired, leaving Citoyen Nollot in charge. Three days later a police officer arrived and took away Mr. Hurst, who, after an interrogation before the Revolutionary Committee, was incarcerated at the Ste.-Pélagie together with Mr. Innes, Superior of the Scotch College. They were imprisoned in the same cell, but Mr. Hurst was liberated at the end of the month, and, to the joy of the community, permitted to resume his duties as chaplain. Their joy was soon turned into sorrow, for a few months later the good priest died suddenly. The imprisoned nuns had to bear him themselves to the grave in their little cemetery, and it is recorded that from a window of the Scotch College near by, a priest, 'his companion in captivity,' blessed the grave as the poor Dames Anglaises lowered his body into it. For more than a year from this time they were to be deprived of all the ceremonies of their religion, on one or two occasions only a disguised priest, with the connivance of one of their gaolers, finding access to the house.

Our goods were confiscated, the tenants of some houses we possessed in the Rue St.-Victor-des-Fossés were forbidden to pay their rent to us, and in November our monastery was suddenly converted into a prison for 122 *suspectes*. Since the taking of the Bastille the number of prisons in Paris had not ceased to increase, and attained its maximum under the Terror. Without counting the dépôts of the 48 sections of the town, there were 42 prisons, and they did not suffice. *Suspected of being suspects*, 122 women of all ranks, from a duchess to a poor workwoman, were thrown into our convent, now become a *maison d'arrêt*. After the first few days of confusion, a distinction was made between the French prisoners arrested as suspects, and the English, held as hostages; the latter were allowed to keep their cells and to take their meals in common apart from the others. The food was distributed in sufficient quantities. The Dames Anglaises managed to recite their Office in a room apart, taking great care not to be overheard. They were allowed to walk in the garden and there to mix with the other prisoners. This enabled them to do their utmost to soften the captivity of the unhappy sufferers. At first they were also permitted to correspond with their friends in France and England, but the moment came when all intercourse with the outside was prohibited. A new privation was now intimated to them, which was to endure twelve years: on December 8, 1794,

they were ordered to quit their religious habit—'that mark of slavery incompatible with this era of liberty' are the words of the decree.

The English prisoners whose names have been preserved were: Mrs. Blount and her two daughters, Elizabeth and Frances; Mrs. Doland, and one pupil, Miss Beeston; also Mrs. Stewart, a Carmelite nun. But there was another Englishwoman who must assuredly have ranked among the suspects—Miss Betty Edgeworth de Firmont, sister of Abbé Edgeworth, who had attended Louis XVI. on the scaffold. In a letter to his aunt, Mrs. Usher in Dublin, the abbé, from his hiding-place, tells her of the arrest of his mother and sister: 'In this solitude I received the fatal news of the arrest of my poor mother, who soon succumbed to her sufferings. Betty, torn away from her, was dragged from prison to prison, in great part because of me.'

The first batch of our prisoners was 122, the total number a little over 130. Among those who escaped the scaffold were Mary Bridget Plunket, Marquise de Châtellux, who had been a pupil in the convent twenty years previously. The Marquise de Mirabeau, mother of the greatest orator of the French Revolution, was imprisoned a year within our walls, and died in great poverty soon after her release. Madame de Châtellux was arrested because her husband, Louis de Châtellux, ex-officer of the Gardes Françaises, was one of the most brilliant writers in the 'Actes des Apôtres,' a royalist newspaper. He was less fortunate than his wife, and suffered death July 23, 1794. He was a humourist to the last, and when Coffinhal read his sentence to him, he said: 'Beg your pardon, president, is it the same here as in the National Guard? May one have a substitute?'

Louise and Emilie Contat, of the Comédie-Française, two charming young actresses, were, perhaps, among the most pathetic figures in that strange gathering. The crime of Emilie consisted in being the sister of Louise! The crime of Louise in that she had accepted a rôle not in her employ in the 'Gouvernante' of Lachaussé at the request of Marie Antoinette, and in order to please the *Autrichienne* had learned her part of 500 lines in twenty-four hours. She had, moreover, said to the person who brought her the Queen's message: 'I did not know where the seat of memory lay; now I know that it lies in the heart.' This was more than sufficient, and the *dossiers* of both sisters were soon marked with the fatal 'G' for guillotine. Louise Contat soon

attached herself with a tender and respectful affection to one of the nuns, Madame Canning. She never met her in the cloisters without asking her blessing and her prayers. Madame Canning used to take her into her cell, consoling and fortifying her against the terror of death. Thermidor saved the two sisters, and they returned to the stage on August 16.

Our Journal gives the number of victims who left our walls to mount the guillotine as twelve, but the names of only eight have been preserved. It is pitiful to read the burlesque tragedy of the trials of these noble ladies, whose crimes consisted chiefly in bearing the names of de Montmorency, de Merle, de Rochefoucauld, Chateaubriand, &c. Marie de Montmorency, abbess of Montmartre, was seventy-two years of age. Madame de Durtal was condemned for being the *mère* of Maréchal de l'Aigle. A few minutes after her condemnation she mounted the fatal tumbrel by his side, and together they went to the scaffold. Madame de Malesherbes was a two-days' widow when she followed her husband to the guillotine; together with her went her young sister-in-law of twenty-three, the Marquise de Chateaubriand and her husband, brother of the celebrated Comte de Chateaubriand. The father of Madame de Malesherbes, the illustrious Chrétien-Guillaume Lamoignon, defender of Louis XVI., was guillotined with her. Pauline de Roye, Duchesse de Biron, aged seventy-one, was one of a *fournée* of twenty-three personages of the highest rank put to death together the 9th Messidor, year 2 of the Republic (June 27, 1794). Among her companions were the old Maréchal de Mouchy, aged seventy-nine, and his wife aged sixty-six. At the moment the Marshal was going before the tribunal, one of the prisoners cried, 'Courage, Monsieur le Maréchal!' 'At fifteen,' he replied, 'I went to battle for my king. On the verge of eighty I can go to the scaffold for my God!'

The night of July 27, 1794, was a terrible one in the prisons; a general massacre was expected, and many of the prisoners were preparing to sell their lives dearly. Not so the poor ladies at the Dames Anglaises; they could only wait like lambs for the slaughter. They were hurried into their cells before the usual time, and all night the tocsin could be heard, and noises as of distant strife. Next morning the attitude of their gaolers had entirely changed. They appeared disconcerted and bewildered, their watchfulness relaxed, and nuns and prisoners were allowed to move freely about the corridors and cloisters. They did so in

trembling fear of some bloody ruse, but presently the newspaper criers could be heard in the street : ' Demandez la grande arrestation de Catilina Robespierre et de ses complices ! ' The orgy of blood was over, and we can imagine the extraordinary outburst of relief and joy following so much fear and anguish. Next day Robespierre was guillotined, but another month elapsed before the suspects at the Dames Anglaises were liberated.

The place of the suspects was almost immediately filled by three sets of nuns : sixteen English Benedictines, and the Blue Nuns of the Rue de Charenton conducted here as hostages, and some French Carmelites saved from deportation by the death of Robespierre. They had all passed through several prisons and many cruel hardships, and it was a great relief to find themselves in a convent again ; they managed to keep their Rule in the separate quarters allotted to them, but they all met during the recreation, and their conversation must have been strangely interesting as they related their trials and hairbreadth escapes. Materially they now had not much to complain of : ' We were very well off at the Fossés for nourishment,' writes one of them. The law allotted each religious forty to fifty sous a day, and it is recorded they were allowed a cook, who was paid from nine to twelve francs a day—it is probable in *assignats*.

In January 1795 the English priests imprisoned in Paris were set at liberty. The Rev. P. Parker, ex-prior of the Benedictines, managed in the utmost secrecy to bring the consolations of religion to the four communities, and in February leave was given them to have mass in a room, the chapel still being sequestered. At last, February 27, by an *arrêt* of the Committee of Surêté Générale, the gaolers were withdrawn from the monastery and the chapel doors reopened. A scene of desolation met the eyes of the Dames Anglaises ; everything had been smashed, desecrated, pillaged. The silver altar vessels, reliquaries, the red velvet hangings embroidered with the royal arms in gold, which had once hung in the chapel of Whitehall, given to the nuns by Mary of Modena, all had disappeared. Even the coffins in the vault had been burst open, the bones thrown into a common pit, or left strewn upon the ground.

When the above-mentioned sets of nuns were set free and departed, and the Dames Anglaises were relieved of their gaolers, they also lost their allowance of forty sous a day, and their revenues were restored to them by a decree of June 1795. Then

came a time of great difficulty. 'Our whole revenue here,' writes Ann Canning to her sister, Mrs. Blount, 'is not worth 5*l*.' She was *dépositaire* in charge of the commissariat, and writes feelingly: 'The exorbitant price of provisions makes me tremble. Meat costs 18 to 20 livres a lb., butter 50 to 60; eggs 45 sous apiece. The cheapest wine is 20 livres a bottle, a pound of candles costs more than 50. And the wood! The worst kind 700 livres, the better 900, the single *charge*. Potatoes, which I thought were very dear last year at 5 livres a bushel, now cost 50.' The above prices must have been in *assignats*. Happily we were not without friends in this hour of need. The two young actresses, Emilie and Louise Contat, had not forgotten their sojourn in our walls; they sent all kinds of provisions to the community, and a poor servant who had been their fellow-captive exerted herself most ingeniously on their behalf. Their old doctor, M. Bouhy, also did his utmost to help them. The school gradually refilled, and after one troubled moment in 1799, when they were on the point of abandoning the struggle and leaving for England, prosperity and tranquillity returned to the English nuns.

Our confiscated property, except the parcel of ground of which the revenue, as Mrs. Canning wrote, was not worth more than 5*l*. a year, had been acquired by a man of the name of Lenoir; in 1806 a decree signed 'Napoleon, Emperor of the French and King of Italy,' authorised our 'Association'; Lenoir accepted an exchange, and the Dames Anglaises re-entered into possession of their property. An old statue of the Virgin and Child, now in our cloister, at that time stood over the gateway of our vineyard in the Rue des Fossés. It is a tradition among us that Napoleon never rode down the street without baring his head as he passed before that statue. In 1814 we find the following entry in our Journal: 'July. The King has returned. The English army has entered Paris. The Duke of Wellington honoured us with a visit. He was received in the parlour by the Community. Mrs. Daniel Parker and the young ladies sang "God save the King" and "Rule Britannia."'

The Revolution of 1830, so far as we were concerned, only gave us a momentary shock of terror lest the history of 1793 might be about to repeat itself; and that of 1848 was only marked, for us, by rather a grotesque incident. On June 25 a furious fusillade went on all day in the surrounding streets, and we were preparing

ourselves for the worst when, about 3 o'clock, a band of insurgents attacked and broke in the door, and burst into the garden. Our Superior, Madame Fairbairn, went to meet them, taking me with her. I suppose we looked very frightened, for the chief of the band, taking off his hat, said, 'N'ayez pas peur, Mesdames, n'ayez pas peur!' and actually kissed my hand. The pupils were all peeping in terror from the windows, expecting to see us murdered. The insurgents then explained that all they wanted was to *fire upon the troops from our windows!* The Superior quietly answered that our windows looked upon the garden, and they withdrew, one of them stopping to try to repair the broken door.

In 1860 Napoleon III. in his remodelling of Paris came across our territory, and we were expropriated. We could not leave the place which had been our home for 224 years without regret, and the removal to Neuilly was a troublesome upheaval, although the indemnity paid us by the Municipal Commission was satisfactory—700,000 francs. The decree of the Emperor, authorising the Dames Anglaises to transfer their community from the Rue St.-Victor-des-Fossés to Neuilly, was signed at St. Cloud, September 26, 1860.

I said at the beginning that we had one French nun in the community when the Franco-German War broke out, and even before the investment of Paris, the position at Neuilly promising to become untenable, the family of this nun, Monsieur and Madame Angebault, offered to receive us all at their home near Nantes. Thither we went, a party of thirty, leaving the monastery in charge of the *concierge* and his wife. It would take too long to recount all the horrors of which they were witnesses during the Commune—our peaceful garden the scene of furious bloodshed, our buildings occupied by more than 500 Communards, the batteries of Mont Valérien and Bécon throwing bombs through our roof, the desecration of our chapel, the destruction and pillage, an exact repetition of the acts of 1794. So does history in Paris repeat itself.

We returned to our desolated convent after the necessary repairs in July 1871, after an absence of a year, less twenty-nine days. Thirty years have passed; the trees in our devastated garden have grown tall and stately, our schools are flourishing, and it is perhaps time to begin to wonder, in view of present events, how long our peace may continue.

M. H.

BIRD-NESTING AND BIRD-NESTERS.

BY ALEXANDER INNES SHAND.

ANY country-bred boy who is worth his salt takes to bird-nesting as naturally as ducklings to the water. There is a book, unfortunately long out of print, which inoculated me with the passion while a mere child. Howitt's 'Boy's Country Book' ought to be in the hands of every boy. He tells how he used to look forward to the Saturday holiday in spring, when he was off with a chosen companion to the Fall, in Derbyshire, an ancient manor-house, shrouded in woods and surrounded by sequestered ponds, approached by bosky lanes. They were guided by the farmer-squire, who took his gun as an excuse. They beat the bushes, they searched the sedges, they climbed the trees, coming continually on fresh treasures. But the most sensational episode is the expedition of two truants to Spiderloft Chapel, under the leadership of an arrant young scamp with the tastes and gifts of a Red Indian. The lonely ruin was supposed to be haunted; even in brilliant noonday it was approached with awe, and, draped with its tapestries of sombre ivy, it rose from a wilderness of nettles, docks, and deadly nightshade. The boy holds his breath as he reads how Ned Tunstal scrambled up forty feet of creviced wall, holding on for dear life with toes and fingers, treading delicately, like Agag, on a crumbling cornice. How he crept through the narrow window into the ancient tower, to see the glare of fire-balls through the gloom and to hear the hissing of outraged owls, betraying the nooks where they nested. There is a companion picture to that, which is much better known; it was sketched and coloured by Tom Hughes in 'Tom Brown's Schooldays.' Martin, the 'Old Madman,' leads off Tom and Scud East and little innocent Arthur on a nesting raid in the environs of Rugby. At considerable risk of neck or limb they pillage the hawk's nest in the tall fir, and then, beating up the hedgerows in sheer buoyancy of spirits, wind up with the hunting of the outlying guinea-fowl, which nearly brings them to grief with the Doctor and the flogging-block.

More than half the charm of bird-nesting is in the sights and the sounds and the casual incidents which arise out of it. In the

wilder districts there is always something wonderful turning up. With stealthy tread you almost step upon the fox, starting up from his snug couch under the bramble-bush, showing his teeth with an angry snarl as he glances back over his shoulder, and clearing the bracken in a succession of light bounds, to vanish under the boughs of the spruces. For once you may catch the weasel napping, and see him scuttling, best pace, to the crevice in the stone dyke, whence you lure him to show his head again with a seductive whistle. The squirrel makes a rush for the stem of the beech, and though he scales his bark staircase on the farther side, will nevertheless indulge his curiosity by peeping when he thinks himself safe, and show his bright eyes through the foliage as he pauses to look down on you. Sometimes in the dim religious light of a darksome corner you may hear a sullen plunge in the backwater of a rippling brook, and you know that you have roused a slumbering otter, whose ways are ever mysterious and who seldom lets himself be seen. Then there are the golden-plumaged pheasants scurrying before you; the wood-pigeons dashing out of the boughs overhead; the hen partridge flushed between the hedge-roots and the margin of the weed-grown ditch; or the waterhen, who has been abroad picking up a livelihood, scrambling with flustered strides for the refuge of her sedgy swamp.

Naturally, as the boy grows up into the man the edge is worn off the zest for nesting. But even when sylvan pleasures have staled and the limbs are stiff, one can still sympathise with the pursuit, using boy-friends for beagles. Charles Fox, who in many ways was a boy to the last, is said to have never lost his passion for it. Unlike too many of our pleasures, it is purely innocent, and eminently profitable for education and instruction. Hyper-sensitive humanitarians will tell you it is cruel, which is absolute nonsense if the pursuit be humanely managed. There are simple rules which should be impressed on every child, and which he is very willing to accept, for few boys are naturally barbarians. Never take the nestlings, fledged or unfledged; and, indeed, selfish experience very soon shows that trying to rear them is infinite bother and almost invariably unsuccessful. Never take more than one or two of the eggs, for it is demonstrable that birds are but indifferent arithmeticians, albeit Tom Brown, though hoping for the best, does suggest a doubt about it. And never trespass upon the wren's nest on any terms when she has settled to sitting, for it is a sacrilegious infraction of the time-honoured maxim that 'Robinets

and Jenny Wrens are God Almighty's cocks and hens,' and with the scent of a gloved finger-tip she will desert it for ever.

There can be no question that bird-nesting is admirable training for the sportsman. He is taken kindly into the confidence of experienced keepers, and possibly of the prowling ne'er-do-wells, who are profoundly versed in woodcraft. He learns the great secret of keeping himself quiet, and has every opportunity of studying the habits of wild creatures. When subsequently, as the squire, organising the beats at his shoots, it is not he who will be oblivious of the signs of the weather or the set of the winds. However tempting the ordinary lines of flight and the lie of the sheltered coppices, he will not attempt to force pheasants or partridges in late autumn in the face of a blustering northerly gale. And often he will be sorely tried, and have to swallow many a smothered execration, when a genial and obstreperously self-confident host is muffing what might have been a capital day's shooting. But bird-nesting, as Bacon might have said if he had condescended to it, is a part of the higher education. It brings out all the latent poetry in the boy, and prepares him to appreciate the beauties of English poets, from Spenser and Shakespeare to Scott, Wordsworth and Tennyson. The boy must be unimpressible indeed who has not some unconscious sense of the softening charm of sylvan surroundings, of the exquisite fragrance of fields and woods, and the rich music of the feathered songsters. Even the wail of the curlew, the scream of the jay, and the croak of the raven have fascinations of their own. The youngest legs will tire and the back will begin to ache after a long morning's scrambling and crawling. What voluptuousness there is in throwing oneself down in some bosky bourn, on velvety turf, under a canopy of dog-rose, woodbine and honeysuckle! What an appetite there is for the bread and cheese from the satchel; and if the nester thinks longingly of beer, and has to put up with water from the brook or the bubbling spring, he must remember that there is no perfect happiness for mortals. It is to be hoped that he has not yet taken to tobacco. But as he sinks back on the grass, with drooping eyelids, for a good long nap, no monarch need wish to be lulled to his troubled slumbers by more enchanting strains. The thrush is singing in joyous rivalry with the blackbird: it is needless as difficult to assign the palm of excellence, for, as Christopher North remarks in his 'Recreations,' 'why set such delightful songsters by the ears?' Mayhap there is

a nightingale hard by; and Philomel is always excited by an appreciative listener, though he seldom exerts himself at his sweetest till the shades of evening begin to fall. There is sure to be a friendly robin chirping or half-singing in the hedge, looking out for stray crumbs or hopping for them audaciously, with head on one side. And from the trees topping the neighbouring thickets come the symphonies of the cushat doves, always starting their plaints as if they meant to go on for ever, and then breaking off abruptly and tantalisingly.

But if bird-nesting is a useful and elevating training for the gentlefolk, there is no denying that it is not infrequently the *facilis descensus* for those of humbler degree. The boy of the cottage has the same taste for adventure, the same love for rural rambling, as the boy of the hall. For both there is an additional zest, a fearful joy in breaking bounds and trespassing on forbidden enclosures. The young gentleman generally gets off lightly, though he seldom takes warnings to heart and accepts his punishment stoically. But the lad in ragged corduroys runs greater risks, and when caught is dealt with more severely and summarily. As he creeps under the alders, approaching the pool where the moorhens breed, and where he caught only the other day a glimpse of the flashing kingfisher, like the pickpocket in city slums, he has an uncanny feeling that a hand may be at any moment laid on his collar. As he swarms up the branchless pine to harry the hawk's nest in the deserted domicile of magpie or hooded crow, he is hurried perilously by the abiding thought that his footsteps have been followed and his descent may be intercepted. I happen to know a case where a boy in these circumstances came a terrible cropper, broke a collar-bone and sundry ribs, and was carried by the keeper to a cottage hospital to be carefully tended. It is more likely that at the worst he comes down gingerly and safely, to receive a thrashing from a tough ash sapling. Such gentle methods, methods such as Sam Weller recommended to his father with regard to the Deputy Shepherd, fail of their object—the passion of bird-nesting is in the blood and not to be eradicated. He has the eyes and the tread of the Red Indian; he learns to dive into ditches at a sign of danger, where he lies safe enough, unless scented out by some hedge-hunting old retriever. He is known to the watchers as an irreclaimable young scamp, and they are right in regarding his future with grave apprehension. In his escapades and sensational rambles he has learned all the ways of

wild nature, and later he leaves the small birds alone and turns his varied experiences to more profitable account. No longer is he content with the strings of eggs that decorated the chimney-piece in the paternal cottage. He knows where the wandering pheasants fly up to roost in the clump of trees at the end of the straggling strip of planting, far from the keeper's cottage. He knows each hare run in the roots of the hedge, and has actually captured many a sitting rabbit with a spring and a pounce. As a well-grown youth, when ploughing or handling his axe in the coppice, he has always all his eyes about him; and when he saunters out for a ramble in the dusk, he has snares in his pocket and a short bludgeon in his hand, which he throws with deadly precision. Hitherto he has been indulging in these nefarious pursuits partly because he prefers rabbit pie to rancid bacon, partly because it is pleasant to barter pheasants for beer when there is a chalk against him at the public, but chiefly for pure fun of the thing and in the sheer spirit of devilry. One day he comes of a sudden to the parting of the ways, when he is brought before the lord of the manor, who is in the commission of the peace. The evidence is irresistible and conviction certain. Then much depends on the worthy magistrate and on the keeper who brings the charge. His character is not in his favour and his poaching predilections are notorious. There is every technical justification for dealing with him severely and denying him the benefit of the First Offenders' Act. In that case, sentenced to a fine he cannot pay, he is sent to prison, and comes back an irredeemable rascal, to be a thorn in the keeper's side. But mayhap the squire remembers his own hot youth and sundry indiscretions, for which he was called over the coals; he fancies the honest eyes and the good-humoured, sunburned face; and the old keeper may have a sneaking sympathy with the outlaw who 'can well of woodcraft' like the Abbot in 'Ivanhoe,' and who has so often outwitted himself and his subordinates. They lay their heads together and whisper; they agree to give the culprit a retainer, a muffling brief, and offer to recruit him among the watchers. The youth is a genuine sportsman, and not a mouching ruffian—though he might become one—and probably they could not do a wiser thing, and if he is equally wise he will jump at the offer. For my part, I have much faith in the maxim that a reformed poacher makes the best guardian of game, but you must be a judge of character if you elect to run the risk.

Then the instinct of bird-nesting develops the practical ornithologist, who, caring nothing for sport, carries on his invaluable researches in woods and fields. A wonderful type of the class was Edward, the Banffshire naturalist, whose biography has been written by Smiles. No amount of flogging by father or teachers could prevent his giving school the slip. As a married man, though he paid his way as a shoemaker, he devoted his nights and many days to ornithological rambles. He had his familiar lairs in ruins or rock-caves; he curled himself up under haystacks, or slept at a pinch under tombstones. As a mere child, he began by nearly breaking his neck when he climbed a shaky ladder on the Schoolhill of Aberdeen to harry a sparrow's nest under the eaves of a lofty building. When, in his maturity, with toil and exposure he was tending towards premature decay, he tumbled off a ledge on the precipitous cliffs of Buchan, breaking nothing, though he was sorely bruised and shaken, and shattering the old gun, which worried him more seriously. Nothing daunted him, and the chapters of his quiet life-romance abound in sensational and suggestive incidents. His veracity is unimpeachable, and some of the most curious of these incidents show the intensity of maternal affection in bird-mothers. Once, in an April snow-storm, he came on a sitting wild duck. He touched her with his stick, thinking she was skulking, but found she had been frozen to death. Beneath her were the eggs, nearly hatched. Neither hunger nor cold could compel her to desert them. On another occasion he actually laid his hand on a sitting grouse who had been attentively watching all his movements; yet the grouse are among the wildest and shyest of moorfowl.

The interests of the British Isles are inexhaustible, but, after all, these islands are too cramped a field for men of means, enterprise and ambition. Some of our most adventurous travellers have been zealous ornithologists, and bird-nesting has done much for the exploration of the wilderness which had few temptations for the merchant and was neglected by the missionary. There were Banks and Solander, who circumnavigated the world with Cook. Bates explored the Amazon and its tributaries. Wallace, in the equatorial forests, went hunting in the haunts of trogons, toucans, hornbills, and other oddly named and curiously built birds; he beat up the colonies of the gregarious vampyre bats, who returned his visits and bled him in his hammock; and of the flying foxes, or giant bats, with the stretch of wing of an

eagle, who have the habit of hooking themselves up by the heels to dead trees in the daytime, when 'the branches look as if covered with some monstrous fruits.' Hudson sought out the nests of the rhea, 'the grand archaic ostrich of South America,' on the boundless pampas of La Plata—a gigantic fowl, which drifts with incredible swiftness across the deserts, with one wing set vertically to catch the wind like a sail. Examples might be multiplied to any amount. Nowadays the most retiring of birds cannot rely upon privacy; remoteness and the solitude of utter desolation are no sort of security; on the contrary, they allure the anxious inquirer. The albatrosses, who keep the wing indefinitely, like our own great black-backed gulls, taking their rest on the waves, like the stormy petrels, have been followed up to their breeding-places. The great auk has been persecuted out of existence, unless perchance he may still survive on the skerries of Greenland. But that is improbable in the extreme, for, though he liked a bracing climate, he must have been somewhat delicate in the chest, and was never seen above the latitude of southern Iceland. And now life has a new terror for shy birds with the development of photography. There are bird-nesters who stalk the hedges and coppices with the camera. Thrush and chaffinch sit fascinated while the twinkling eye and each twig and scrap of lichen in the closely woven nest is transferred to medicated paper for the satisfaction of idle curiosity. Perhaps to them it is of comparatively little consequence. They are familiar with the presence of man, though they may resent an unwarranted liberty, and would prefer to have the old-fashioned scare of the stick that beat the bushes and have done with it. But what must be the feelings of the guillemots and fulmar petrels of St. Kilda, nesting on what were once considered almost impracticable cliffs, used as they were to being noosed in the season by fowlers dropping from the skies, when the brothers Kearton came crawling along the dizzy ledges, and took obtrusive snapshots, not with the breechloader, but with the camera?

Coming back to our islands, from March to June the nesting-birds are constant objects of interest. Our own natives are busy, and the migrants are always arriving. There are the sociable birds who frequent buildings, and with a predilection for ruins, because the dilapidation offers them available retreats. Starlings and jackdaws are the incarnations of impudence; they are nowadays particular as to where they build; in more primitive times they

nested in holes in trees and crevices of the rocks, but now they seem to prefer ready-made abodes, and rather court the society of man. We associate the starling with such lonely ruins as Spiderloft, or with feudal castles such as Kenilworth or Raglan, enlivened by the noisy picnics of the cheap tripper. The jackdaw is greatly guided in choice of a residence by facilities for stealing eggs; he loves to take up his abode in a heronry or near a clustering colony of black-headed gulls, and nothing attracts him more than the sheltered glade or meadow where the keeper is carefully nursing the young pheasants. Otherwise, he is distinctly clerical in his tastes, and loves the cloistered shades of the cathedral close. His nest-building is of the roughest. Often he chooses queer situations, where he has to lay a stupendous sub-structure of sticks, but it invariably involves a deal of rude labour. He strips the neighbouring trees of the withered twigs, and strews the unswept belfry with fragments of turf and tufts of ragged wool. The magpie is an even more eccentric character. For the most part, knowing that he is suspected, and conscious of guilt, he gives men and guns a wide berth. Yet his building arrangements, though carried out in the open, are ostentatious as those of the daw. Though light on the wing, he is lazy, and patches up the same tenement year after year. It would seem to have been a toss-up where he selected the original site. Now, it is well out of the way in some lofty tree; again, it is within arm's reach in the thick of a hedgerow, and I have seen it in a scrubby whitethorn within gunshot of a farm-steading.

So wood-pigeons change their instincts when they lay their eggs. Ordinarily among the most timid of birds, they will nevertheless build in some low tree on the lawn, keeping to the nest confidently under the eyes of curious observers. Of late years, since the hawks have been killed down, they have multiplied amazingly in the North, as farmers know to their cost, though they do good service in gorging themselves with seeds of the dock and rag-weed. There are spruce woods where there is a nest in almost every twentieth tree, and the ascent is as easy as on a carpeted staircase. The nest is of the slightest, and as you climb you may see the two white eggs gleaming through the skeleton framework of twigs. Swallows of all species of course are sacred, though Gilbert White, with the callousness of the scientific naturalist, tells shamelessly how he robbed a swift's nest to examine the callow brood.

From the house to the garden and orchard is but a step. Thrushes and blackbirds scarcely trouble to hide their nests; indeed, as Richard Jefferies remarks, they seem to have an antipathy to the laurels and foreign shrubs, which give denser cover. But the finches and smaller birds show wonderful art in concealing nests which, from their situations, would be otherwise exposed. In that of the chaffinch, in the apple-tree, mosses and lichens blend harmoniously with the silvery bark; and no one of the bird architects is more prodigal of time or trouble, though possibly the wren gives more thought to the business. Her domed domicile is absurdly out of proportion to her size, and if she did not take infinite pains, would draw attention like the home of the magpie. But if the interior arrangements are always the same, the exterior is modified in shape as well as covering to suit its surroundings. In the beech hedge it is covered with last autumn's leaves; in the sapling roots above the grassy ditch it is indistinguishable from the weeds and creepers. The robin, if less artistic, is scarcely less intelligent. Like the fly-catcher, he loves the crevice in a wall or the cleft in a tree, but, failing such snug quarters, he secretes himself among nettles or coarse grass.

The habits of the linnet make a link between the field and the garden. Almost omnipresent like the lark, its rival in song, it is familiar with gardens and shrubberies; but it is far from averse to solitude, where it gathers into groups and sings in choirs. Indeed, its favourite nesting-places are in the furze-bushes, and I shall always associate the song of the linnet with spring angling, and the honey-dew fragrance of the yellow whin on the banks of the Coquet and other Northumbrian streams,—with bleating of the ewes in the lambing-time, echoed from the hills and dales. And those northern streams remind one of the ring ouzel, only to be distinguished from the blackbird by his silver collar, with the wild, sweet song suggestive of his Highland haunts. You are crawling up a hill burn, casting a short line and whipping out the speckled trout, when the ouzel starts from the roots of birch or rowan tree, and you come upon the nest of grass or rushes, fast bound with twigs; likely as not the mother sweeps back, and dashes full in your face with discordant screams. Tramping homewards with basket and rod, you may come on the nest of the dabchick, or little grebe, in some lonely pool, a huge structure for so tiny a bird. Big as it is, it is apt to be flooded,

and is always damp, so that the half-dozen of snow-white eggs gradually change to a mottled brown. Another half-aquatic bird—but a frequenter of the Lowlands—is the kingfisher, common enough in former days, though much rarer now. It used to be considered a grand triumph, the digging out of a kingfisher's nest; and no wonder, for, strictly speaking, the bird can scarcely be said to make a nest at all. It lives, or at least sleeps, in excavations under banks, and simply lays its pinkish eggs on a lining of ejected fish-bones.

That suggests the nesting habits of the hawk tribe, ruffians and robbers, indisposed to domestic comforts, and with no liking for decoration or luxury. Their nests are generally rude structures of sticks, and the only lining is the pellets of fur and feather they eject. But like the robber knights of the Middle Ages, they take up formidable positions, on some smooth-stemmed tree which defies the boldest of village urchins, or on the almost inaccessible face of a precipice. The graceful *raptores* have been diminishing greatly with pole-traps, poisoning, and all manner of persecution. We cannot regret the lumbering buzzard, too lazy to build a house for himself, who was wont to take up his quarters in the nest of crow or magpie. But we sadly miss the kite, a beautiful object, with the smooth, swift gliding flight which gave him his Saxon sobriquet of gled; and he in his habits was an exception to his kinsfolk, for he padded his nest with the softest materials. One of the fiercest, as he is one of the smallest, of the hawk tribe is the sparrow-hawk, a stealthy, winged Terror, not only to small songsters, but to game birds bigger than himself. His nest is in the woods, convenient to his hunting-grounds, generally in a fork close to the tree trunk, and as it is by no means unapproachable, it is carefully concealed. Glancing up through the boughs, you see little but a chance gathering of twigs. The female, bigger than her mate, whose broad bosom can cover comfortably the four or five eggs, is the more plucky of the savage pair. She will sit till she fully realises she is to be disturbed, and then dashes off, like the wood pigeon, at the opposite side from the enemy, with shrieks of impotent anger. If she drops to a snap-shot, with broken pinion, she will turn on her back, showing desperate fight with beak and singles. As the sparrow-hawk takes heavy toll of young partridges and pheasants, so there is no more deadly enemy to the grouse-chicks and leverets than the pretty little merlin, who nests among

her victims on the moors in some slight depression in the heather.

For ravaging on a grand scale commend us to the peregrine falcon. The eagle, though rapacious enough, like the raven has a predilection for carrion, and when he happens on a diseased sheep will gorge himself for days on the 'braxy.' But the peregrine kills his own game, and often strikes down grouse or plover and passes on in sheer wantonness. Doubtless the bird must sleep, yet no one ever caught him nodding. He sits on his rocky watch-tower, ever ready to swoop; and his voracious brood are insatiable. Robbing a peregrine's nest is the ambition of all the shepherd boys, but it is a feat very rarely achieved by the boldest cragsman. For it is generally on a ledge under an overhanging cliff, so that even with a rope the adventurer swings wide of his object. Those who have succeeded have found all the remains of a well-furnished larder: such a miscellaneous collection of game, songsters and poultry as is seldom seen even near a fox-earth where the vixen has been purveying for hungry cubs. None of our native birds is more voracious or has a finer digestion, except those of the gull tribe, and notably the gannets of the Bass and Ailsa Craig. It is easy enough to get at the nests of the Solan geese, bereft of a nostril by a beneficent Providence; but when you reach them you must hold your nose, and are glad to beat a retreat, for the stench of the rotten fish is sickening. The peregrine, on the contrary, is a clean feeder, and all that he leaves is picked bones with feathers and fur.

The British Isles are encircled by sanctuaries where the sea-fowl can breed in comparative security. There are the wild cliffs of the East Riding of Yorkshire, there are the Bass and Ailsa Craig, the iron-bound coasts of Ross and Sutherland, the precipices overhanging boiling races and roosts in the Orkneys and Shetlands, and beyond and above all the rocks of St. Kilda. But the Ferne and Staple Isles, lying off Bamborough, are the chief breeding-places of sea-fowl nesting on the ground. On Holy Isle, with the black basalt sometimes scantily covered in the more sheltered hollows with thrift and sea-thyme, it is almost impossible to tread without crushing a clutch of eggs. It would seem almost as impossible to thin their innumerable numbers; yet years ago they were being sensibly diminished by the raids of the free-booting egg-hunters. For the eggs of gulls and guillemots find a ready market; many people like them boiled *au naturel* and

eaten cold, and they are excellent for pies and puddings. Now the Fernes are strictly preserved, and the nests are only laid under legitimate contribution in the early season. There is always a fair sprinkling of birds on the Fernes, but when they congregate before the mating-time they simply swarm. With the guillemots, who predominate, there are innumerable puffins. The puffin burrows like the sheldrake duck, and like the fulmar petrel lays but a single egg. A happy dispensation this, as to both, for otherwise they would swamp creation. When the former make family arrangements on a rock-ledge, they drop the egg as it chances to fall; but for choice the puffin occupies a rabbit hole, where he pads the end with a few of his feathers. It is a tedious as well as a dangerous matter to draw him out, for he gives cruel wounds with a razor-like beak. You may be caught unpleasantly, as when guddling for trout under the bank of a brook you find your fingers in the teeth of a water rat.

The mention of St. Kilda suggests a postscript as to professional nesting and fowling. A strange life it is to have to risk it perpetually for bare subsistence. The precipices of Connachar, where the fowler pursues his 'fearful trade,' have a sheer fall of 1,200 feet into the surging Atlantic. Sheer as they are, there are innumerable anfractuositities in the face, which are literally packed with clouds of sea-fowl. When scared, these clouds fall seaward in cascades with a deafening clamour, sufficient in itself to try the strongest nerve. Then, by way of contrast to the beetling cliffs, there are the jagged rock-steeple, like the 'pinnacles' of the Fernes or the 'drongs' of the Faroes, and these must be scaled from the bottom. The climbers go in couples, and one pushes up the other with a hooked pole to some point where he can secure a short rope. The difficulty is in descending, when the rope must be attached with a slip knot; so tied it gives a certain support, and yet can come away with a jerk. That may be really the most dangerous form of nesting or fowling, yet to the outsider the climax seems to be reached in the lowering of the spoiler from the cliff-brink. In the Faroes, where, as there is far greater range of fowling cliffs, a more lucrative business is driven, though the scenery may be less sublime than in St. Kilda, the trade is at least as perilous. There the two-and-a-half inch rope in use may be of the length of 600 feet or more. Even that does not always suffice; there is a lowering so far as it will reach, and then a second stage is established and a second rope brought

into play. A strange feeling, to be swinging between sky and sea, on a line that has seen frequent service, and whose worn strands have been suspiciously examined. The art is always to face the precipice, and the skilled cragsman would as soon think of grasping the rope as the crack rider in the Shires of clutching at the cantle of the saddle. The legs and shoulders are buckled to the rope, and the hands are left free for noosing or emergencies. In such a venture bird-nesting is brought to a climax, and it would be anti-climax to add another word.

A DAY OF MY LIFE.

ON BOARD H.M.S. BRITANNIA.

BY A NAVAL CADET.

[This account of the daily life of cadets on board H.M.S. *Britannia* may be read with interest for at least three reasons. First, every executive officer in the Royal Navy has passed his probationary period between her decks, save only a very few now in the topmost ranks. Secondly, after nearly fifty years of service as a training ship, the days of H.M.S. *Britannia* are drawing to a close—the walls of the new Naval College are rising, and H.M.S. *Britannia* will soon be towed to her last berth. Lastly, the number of boys who pass yearly into the *Britannia* exceeds the average entry of boys at any of the great public schools save Eton, so that merely in point of numbers the *Britannia* stands on a par with our great public schools.—ED. CORNHILL.]

TURNING OUT.

Davey: 'So you have at last woke up, have you? I almost swung you clean out of your hammock before you uncurled.'

Courtenay (yawns): 'Why, it's not five bells' (6.30 A.M.) 'yet.'

D.: 'It's close on to it, then. James has been putting out the clothes some time, and here comes Fiddler, so there can't be much time, as he doesn't appear long before the "Turn out." There goes the "Turn out" bugle.'

Then everyone begins to hurry and scurry; some jump out, others are rolled out of hammocks, and dashing for towels, rush madly off for the great bath, the sleepiest bringing up the rear. *Davey* and I were in among the first, but there's no time to enjoy it when one gets there. 'What's the good of a dry lick like this?' says *Davey*; 'one wants more time.' 'By Jove, yes,' said sleepy *Jones*, 'and a bit deeper and more room for splashing.'

'Clear the bath there—clear away,' rings out the strident voice of *Fiddler*. 'You have been in there long enough, Mr. *Courtenay*,' he adds in a rasping way. Of course he picks my name out in preference to anybody else's, so I have to make a clear, and in some dudgeon stalk slowly to my chest and begin towelling. Then *Davey* comes up (he has the next chest to mine), and is rather explosive. 'What rot that little duck's

puddle is to wash in. Just like James; he always fills the basins half an hour before they are wanted, and the water must have been fairly tepid even then; why, the basin water was as chilly as the Polar Sea.' Then he consoled himself with an extra rub, and said, 'Have you fixed up anything for the afternoon?' 'Yes,' said I, 'I have my name down for a cutter, and there's a ripping wind if it holds. Will you come?' 'Rather so,' said Davey. Just then the warning bugle went, and I hadn't so much as started dressing, hang it all! However, it's something if you have a good flunk who puts out your clothes all right, but just my luck! I was tumbling into my 'blues' when I remembered I ought to be rigging in flannels. 'Hullo,' said I to Davey, 'we ought to be in flannels, not blues, to-day.' 'You ought,' said he, 'but I am on the starboard watch, and have in study prep.: so I'm all right, for a wonder.'

Botheration, there goes the clear-away bugle, and I haven't got to my braces yet. At last, with desperate efforts, enough to decapitate every blessed button, I shake myself into my habiliments, and seizing my waterproof on account of its being a specially fine day, hurry off down the middle deck to fall in for inspection.

'What is the lieutenant stopping so long for now?' said I to Grenvil on my left. 'Because that "new"¹ has not got his lanyard on; just like them!' After a little worry over the lanyard, the 'new' gets passed, and inspection is done with.

DRILL.

Here we are in the mess room, but it's only for a momentary gulp of cocoa, and then we hear old Fiddler's warning voice again, 'Clear the mess room.' One can't get a second's peace, but it's hurry up for the next thing. So clatter go the mugs, and we fall in again, and the officer marches us off to our stations, and I find myself bang in front of the sergeant. Two of us have to toss oars into the pinnace, and as I suppose it's my turn to handle one, I take my seat at the thwart, and about twenty others sit banked in between the oarsmen.

It's as fine a morning in the latter part of June as one can wish for, and everything looks its best. The shore is only about

¹ Cadets remain four terms on the *Britannia*. New-comers are known as 'News,' second-term cadets as 'Threes,' third-term cadets as 'Sizes,' and those in their last term as 'Niners.'

150 yards away, but we have a bit longer pull now, as we are off to the bathing stage a little way up the river. There's a strong ebb tide and a north wind, and with thirty on board we don't make much headway, but we creep on and then the orders come, 'Sweat up, starboard'—'Shake her up there'—'Hard up together,' but when it comes to 'Easy, port,' there's no need to repeat the command. Then comes the cheerful order, 'Way enough,' and we bustle on shore and fall in two deep. Then we march off to the fencing room alongside the fives courts.

Here we part company, some going to fence and my squad to drill. The sun is blazing hot already, and Davey, who likes taking things easy, growls to me as he marches off to the fencing ground, 'I wish I were drilling, it isn't half the grind.' But the drilling is warm work too this morning, the sun beating up from the cement floor we exercise on, as well as down upon our heads.

We begin fairly well, but after a succession of orders sharply given—'Form fours'—'Rear turn'—'On the right form'—some of us get rather successfully mixed, and it is perhaps as well there are no spectators just now. Fifteen minutes of marching orders, and then we begin exercises, at which we are more at home. Barbell exercise without the barbells and dumbbell exercises without the weights, dished up at intervals with the plaguey goose-step, and then we feel rather pleased with ourselves. Next comes the doubling. Bless the doubling, why must we have it? There's a stitch in my side all ready to start, and I feel it coming badly: we shall most of us have stitches before the doubling is over. A stitch in time saves nine, but I haven't found much economy in stitches yet. Hurrah! there goes the next order 'Step out,' and we make a bolt for our garments.

Then we fall in, man the boats, and drop on board, feeling we have knocked in a good bit of the early morning's work.

BREAKING AND MUSTER.

'What sort of a time did you have, Davey?' 'A good bit warmer than we wanted, but we were in the fencing room, and the sun cannot get in there much.' 'Go on,' said I; 'why, you had little else but "Stand easy!"' 'Oh, did we though; it was lunges and parries all the time, keeping us hard on the go.'

'Isn't this the day for compulsory gym?' asked Grenvil. 'No, thank heaven,' said I. 'I looked on the notice-board as I came down. I should melt if it were, on a day like this.'

Just then the three gongs were sounded (8:30 A.M.), and we all stood up for grace, and that is the signal for an eye on the butter. The lieutenant comes in, and directly the last word of the grace is said, clash and clatter go the knives at the unfortunate butter, which disappears in a twinkling from its keenly-eyed resting-place.

This morning we are in luck's way, for we have porridge, and eggs and bacon. The stewards don't get much peace, and whatever they do, somebody grumbles; now one thing, now another is wanted. For a time comparative quiet, and then some have finished and begin ruxing. The soft part of the rolls begins to fly around. Ah! there comes the chief of the staff, and one ruxer's name goes down on his list to appear 'on deck.' Poor beggar! he will probably get some days at the defaulters' table, with tea and bread, and no extras.

Breakfast over, we clear out and go to the middle deck, ready to fall in for the doctor's inspection. There is a mighty rush when the bugle sounds, for we can fall in in any order, and all want to get to the front, so as not to be kept waiting. So we jostle each other pretty well, and some little ill-feeling occasionally arises. However, here we are, all dressed in ranks, and that effected, we have to undress, more or less, for the doctor to see that we are sound in wind and limb. He does not keep us long this time, and two gongs sound, which concludes the body muster.

Some of us are a little in doubt as to what 'rig' we are now to dress in, but the voice of Weary Willy solves the problem, and the word is passed round that we are to remain in flannels for out-study work. I was already in 'whites,' so shifting is a short process for me. I then hurried down to the stores, in the seaman's room, thinking I should be an early bird on this occasion, but quite a crowd got there before me, and I could not get served for a long time. Then I cleared up to the poop, the highest deck of all. This is a fine roomy place, about the only part of the ship where one does not feel crowded. The two senior terms have the privilege of walking round and round, while the junior terms look on, and wish they might swagger round too. Open coats and swing your keys, is the finishing touch for the perambulating seniors if one wants to put on all the side one can. But the mute admiration of the junior terms is not for long. Soon the 'Fall in' sounds, and then we all hurry to our places and fall in by 'terms,' and the lieutenants come up, and each lieutenant

inspects the term under his command. Then we form into fours, and the ship's company, represented by bluejackets and the marines, come on the poop. Next we are all called several times to 'shun' (attention), followed by as many orders to 'Stand at ease,' followed by 'Off caps' when the sky pilot comes on the poop, and morning prayers begin.

MORNING WORK.

As soon as prayers are over we march off the poop. It is now about three bells (9.30 A.M.). It is an out-study day for me, so instead of sitting at my desk all the morning I am out for part of it, doing navigation. As we were marching down from the poop, I asked Grenvil what we were going to do, and he said 'Steam,' and steam it was. Our class falls in on the middle deck, just by the 'port after gangway,' where we wait till the steamboat arrives. The senior member of the class reports the class to the engineer officer, and then we 'carry on' down into the boat, and go off to *H.M.S. Wave*. She is moored on the port beam of the *Hindustan*, about a biscuit throw away. Half the class get out and go on board the *Wave*, while the rest stay on the steamboat and learn about her engines, as she steams up and down the harbour for their instruction. My half of the class were told off to the *Wave*, so we scrambled up the ship's side, and found our way down to the engine-room. The *Wave* is, or at least once was, a steam and sailing yacht of a few hundred tons. Cadets often 'lay out' on her yards for early seamanship instruction before breakfast, and then go through the motions of setting sail, furling sail, and so on. But for instruction her engines are of the greatest use, being of simple form. The screw propeller has been taken off, so that her engines can be used without her moving.

Before we begin messing about with the engines, the engine-room artificer serves out to each of us a suit of blue engineering gear, which we don over our flannels. Then, taking a handful of 'waste,' we are ready, and the instructor goes through the course of steam and water through the boilers, the construction of the gauges, the various metals used in construction, and why used, and many other details. We take notes of what he tells us to write up later. The fires burn very low when we arrive, so there is a chance for us to have a hand 'at the shovel' stoking. Soon the steam pressure rises, and when there is enough to work the engines we each take a spell at the wheel, driving them ahead

and astern. An hour slips away at this, and then we doff our blue gear, have a bit of a wash, and slip into the steamboat which comes to fetch us back to the *Britannia*, where we change again into blues for in-study work.

IN-STUDY.

Changing is soon over, and many of us collect in a crush on the gangway, where there is scarcely standing-room, while others sit in the ports along the middle deck. Then at five minutes past eleven the bugle gives the call, 'Clear away to studies at the double,' and away we rattle. Out come the note-books, and the first half-hour goes in taking down some new method of solving problems. Then we have a paper set at some passing-out exam. to do. Grenvil, who sits in the next row to me, always likes to get the instructor on 'the jaw' if he can, by propounding some difficulty, which no one objects to, as we all ease off while the instructor is holding forth. Then Scratchley and another get talking up in the corner, instead of attending, and the instructor breaks off short, and says to Scratchley, 'Some joke on as usual, eh?' 'No, sir.' 'You are the most ignorant in the class, and you will not attend.' Then the instructor resumes, until someone else gets a pitching into. Then we settle down to the questions in the paper again, and some demon is always miles ahead of the rest of the class.

Then the instructor calls attention to Question 6. 'This,' says he, 'is a sample example, and it kills many in the final exam.' About now we are beginning to think a little more of the finish of morning work than of the final exam., and someone furtively looks at his watch and the time is passed round; it is close on one o'clock. Then some begin to absently stow away their books, though the bugle has not sounded, but there it goes, and bang go the work-books into the desks and away we rush.

DINNER.

What a scrum! Everyone as he goes along the middle deck must stop at the notice-board, though of course there is nothing fresh up, but that is a detail. So there is a regular jam round the gangway, and Weary Willy tries to the best of his ability to keep a passage, but his efforts are fairly fruitless. However, we pass along after a bit down to the mess deck, and take up our places, and an effort is made at keeping silence. Then Scratchley,

who is always starting some hare, says, 'Here comes a fine yacht up the harbour.' This is a first-rate excuse for our leaving our places and crowding into the ports. The fine yacht turned out to be about the oldest and most uninteresting craft afloat in Dartmouth Harbour, but that doesn't matter; it is something to look at, and there we stick, as if we had never seen anything approaching it all our lives, until we are summoned back to our seats. At last, we not only get sorted once more, but silence reigns and grace is said, and then we settle down to business. I receive a good plate of 'seagull,' as we call chicken and ham, and after many efforts, some peas, for which there was fierce competition, as they wouldn't go round by a long way. Sometimes complaints are made that the meat is kept too long, and then it retires to the after-deck, and we are in luck's way if it gets condemned, for some superior joint generally comes up which was not intended for us.

The next item is ginger duff, fairly popular, but a bit stodgy this time of year, and it wants a lot of washing down, but the cyder or beer is either spilled or drunk by this time, so we have to bolt it rather dry. Just as I was struggling with the duff, I was told by the chief skipper¹ that I could have the cutter this afternoon. O Fortune! so I must get two more names at once, and I go round to Grenvil and ask him to come too. 'By Jove, yes,' says Grenvil, 'it's a jolly decent breeze. I'm on, but who's the third?' 'Oh,' said I, 'I have asked Davey.' 'Yes, you have got the right one; buck up and get the lieutenant's signature, or you will be too late.' So I went up and got the order, and was just back in my place when the gong went for grace.

Grace over, several of us make a bolt for the cushions. I went right up aloft, as I usually do. It's jolly airy and no one much about, and one can make oneself fairly comfortable. So there I settle down in the maintop till the 'Fall in' bugle went. (2.30.)

AFTERNOON STUDY.

Off we march once more to the studies, and woe is me! it is French to-day, but it is not very laborious work. Grenvil, as usual, gets the instructor on the jaw as soon as an opportunity occurs, and Grenvil is fertile in inventing opportunities. First of all we have to learn several lines of French, and Grenvil

¹ Corresponds to a senior prefect at a public school.

manages to raise quite a crop of difficulties, which the instructor explains. But the learning is got through, and then the repetition comes. Then we do some conversation in French, which everyone takes the keenest interest in, and we talk about cricket, or a passing boat, or no matter what. The last half-hour, the master hears our work. He calls on Robertson to shut his book and go on. 'Oui, Monsieur—un—un Amiral.' 'So you have forgotten the English already.' 'Non, Monsieur.' 'Let me have the English first.' 'Admiral Campbell, who died in 1790, was—' 'Well, go on, or I will give you model room.'¹ 'Amiral Campbell, qui—un—mourait dans mille sept cent et novant, était—' 'Just like you, Robertson; you need not make an exhibition of yourself any more, but you can do a model room on Wednesday. Now, Courtenay, let me hear what you know about it.' 'Amiral Campbell, qui mourut en mil sept cent quatre-vingt-dix, fut quand il était jeune.' What a relief, I hear seven bells! Only five minutes more. I plod on, and feel rather getting out of my depth; then the wrong word comes, and I catch it a bit tartly and the next to me goes on. The instructor was just going to put me on again, but the bugle sounds, and saves me from destruction. I fairly worship it on these occasions.

LANDING FOR BATHING.

There is a regular stampede for the sleeping-deck when bathing is forward, for here most of us have to go to make some change in our garments. What a chatter, and what a heaving of chests goes on to get at what is wanted! Flannels are the regulation dress, and flannels we must get somehow, with a waterproof to complete the costume, apparently as an ornament, for there's barely a cloud in the sky. What a bore! I was just rushing off to catch the first pinnace, when I remembered I had not locked my chest, so back I hurried, and then scurried away down the hatch, slung my lanyard and keys on a peg, and took a place in the pinnace, which had by this time all the oars tossed in. I was in luck, with a seat in the stern-sheets. At last we shove off, and with a series of splashes from the oars, come alongside the bathing stage, where we clear off very smartly.

To the port watch, who have to go to physical drill, the sergeant calls out sharply, 'Double!' and off we go, leaving the starboard watch in possession of the bathing stage. We double

¹ 'Model room.' One hour's extra work as punishment,

to the drill ground, and then fall to the selection of barbells, lying in a stack for use. Though they do not differ from each other by more than half an ounce in weight, everyone seems intent on selecting a light one. Having got our barbells, we fall in by our respective terms, and someone gets caught trailing his barbell on the cement floor, with the object of lightening it by grinding off some of the lead end, so he gets booked for an extra pole drill of a quarter of an hour.

Then we go through our exercises, to the enlivenment of the boom of a big drum and the strains of a cornet. Everyone is anxious to do the drill well, and get quickly away to the bathing, but some cannot keep the time, and the lieutenant is not at all contented with our windmill proceedings, and puts us through it all a second and even a third time. Botheration! However, the third time it comes off fairly well, and then there is the 'rise and sink' drill—on the toes, bending the knees for half a dozen times—it looks easy, but is by no means so easy as it looks. Thank goodness, that is over, and we fall in and 'ground our poles.' Then the 'Disperse' bugle sounds, followed by the 'Defaulters' bugle, which detains a few unfortunates.

We make for the bathing stage. The voice of Fiddler can be heard unceasingly, 'Keep a gangway—make a passage there,' and so on, with varied phrases of similar import. The starboard watch at last stream out to the last straggler, and then the welcome blast on the bugle comes for the port watch to take up their places in the numerous partitions. Stripping is a short process on a fine day like this. I was one of the first ready for a plunge, and made a dash for the springboard, and two others came alongside me. Then the 'Carry on' bugle goes, and then in we all dash, such a splashing! Some take one dive after another, but one dive is enough for me, and I strike out for H.M.S. *Arrow*, about one hundred yards away, beyond which we may not swim in that direction. Some are fond of diving and seizing the leg of some swimmer from under water, pulling him down; the effect is rather surprisingly unpleasant. Great rigs go on in the ten minutes allowed before the 'Retire' is sounded. The time for dressing is very short, and yet one must get finished somehow, for if one is not ready when the 'Clear off' sounds, names are taken, and the punishment is to go without a dip for a day or two, which is a sore penalty.

SAILING A CUTTER.

'Hullo! so you are ready, Courtenay,' says Grenvil, as he meets me at the top of the bathing stage. 'What about the grub for the cutter?' say I, but that is soon answered, for Davey emerges from the stodge shop with his hands full.

'Bobby,' the waterman, has already got his boat alongside the wall, ready for us to embark to the sailing cutter. Davey says it is cutter No. 7, but we have some difficulty in making out the flag at the masthead, which shows up the cutter, for the wind has dropped away. However, we do make her out at last, and we board her and get to work at once, hauling out the jib from under the break of the foc'sle, and then we clear our various halyards. A very small knowledge of seamanship enables one to put things straight, and this done, we slip the buoy the cutter is moored up by. Off we go, and Davey has the tiller. Davey is always trying to do wonders which never come off, and down he puts the helm for some abstruse reason, and naturally we come up in the wind's eye—what little there is—and remain in irons for a considerable time. But with two large oars and a boathook we get straight and are off again, without further mishap for some little time. After Davey had made this mess of the start, I took the helm, and, things going fairly well, I proposed we should tackle the stodge, but just then I saw a steamboat coming near by, and in trying to avoid her, I went precious close to one of the numerous coal hulks. We prepared for collision, but the boathook rendered all the assistance wanted, and we got off all right. The only damage was the loss of most of the lemonade, which, in going on the other tack, was forgotten, and got spilled. The little bit of wind we had then died down again, and left us impotently drifting about. We were hardly making any way, so I gave over the helm to Grenvil, who was grumbling, to see what he could do with it. But he could do no better, and instead of a smart run to sea with a good breeze, as we hoped, we were just drifting steadily on shore, and as pulling an oar in one of these great boats is no quiff, the only thing to do was to lower the sails and drop anchor, which we did. This took a little time, for furling the mainsail is an art in itself, and we were occupied some time about it. When all was put square, we finished the stodge, and the next thing was to settle what to do then. As there was not a breath of wind and it seemed gone for good, the only thing was to wait for the

steamboat to tow us back to our moorings. We certainly did not want to spend the afternoon at anchor doing nothing, so we commenced hailing the quarter-master. At last we had the small consolation of a message from him through the megaphone, that the steamboat would pick us up later. There was no help for it, though waiting for a steamboat on a calm day is a weary business. However, she came before long, sooner than we thought for, and we weighed our killick and passed a heaving line to her. Made fast to the steamboat, we spun through the water, but only to another stranded cutter, which we in turn had to take in tow. But we got to our buoy at last, slipped our tow-line and made fast. As everything was already shipshape on board, we were very soon ready to get away, but the next thing was to raise a waterman to take us off. So we set up a great shout of 'Johnny!' and at last 'Johnny' came, though he didn't hurry himself in the smallest degree. This put a considerable strain upon our feelings, and he got a good flow of language along with his three-halfpence when he did arrive. Our misfortune with the cutter means appearing 'on deck' to-morrow morning, before the lieutenant of the day, but cutter mishaps are not treated severely, and the want of wind will only result in a 'caution,' though how one can be expected to provide a breeze is more than I can say.

THE RECREATION GROUND.

As there was still a good bit of the afternoon left, we three made our way up the hill to the cricket field. Most people know something of the perpendicular character of Devon hills, and the one leading to the recreation ground is a fine specimen of its class. After passing the lower part of the pathway, one comes to some 250 fairly steep steps. I heard Davey groaning to himself as we steadily climbed up, and I felt somewhat inclined to give vent to my feelings too, but instead, I sarcastically suggested that a lift might suit Davey. But we finished the hill eventually, and made our way to the pavilion, commonly known as the canteen. It is built as a pavilion, with changing and washing rooms, and a large restaurant, where every sort of good thing can be bought. There are tables for each term, and the daily papers are supplied. Behind the counter are a few servers, who have as much, or more, to do as they can attend to. Never for a moment do they have any peace, and the yells for ship's bun (supplied free of

charge in the afternoon), pine-apple, jam and cream, and innumerable other luxuries, are incessant. 'Threepenny red,' or 'threepenny mixed' (the first is a strawberry ice, and the second strawberry and vanilla) are shouted for by numbers. After a struggle for a 'Daily Graphic,' I sit contented for a little while, when in comes Vansittart, who has just left the wicket with a duck's egg, and he must talk of the scores, and then wants to know what some county made, and asks me to turn it up in my paper. He is sadly afflicted with the gab, but luckily his side are just all out, and he has to go out to field, so I am in peace once more. After finishing the daily paper, I move out and meet Reynolds, who suggests a set of tennis, and says he has the next turn at one of the only two nets which are up. So we get our shoes, and Grenvil and Davey come along, and we have a rare good game. Several eager to play were waiting to go on as soon as we finished, and then Grenvil and I decide to turn to the ship. There are three or four different ways down the hill. The 'niners' can go which way they please, but the junior terms each have their particular path. We select the way through the wood as the coolest, and we stop a bit at the kennels. At this time of year the beagles (sixteen couples) are of course not in training, but are always ready to send up a cry when anyone passes. We have a word with some of the puppies, and then pass on down the hill. Half-way down we come to the racquet courts, but I am not a frequenter unless some competition is on, so we leave them on the right and proceed down the steps to the boat sheds and gymnasium.

THE RECALL.

As we get down to the shore, we saw the recall, a flag flying at the masthead of the *Britannia*. It is hoisted about half an hour before the time limit for returning on board, as a warning. When we got down to the beach we found a number of others waiting, but no shore boat, but one soon came and we got in. Before getting into a shore boat someone always calls out 'bag steeroms' (taking the tiller to steer), and another 'bag sculloms' (to scull the boat). Shore boats are only allowed to take a limited number, ten or twelve, and in the scramble several more than the full number generally get in. Then there is a general cry of 'news out,' and we get off with our regulation number. The pull is only two hundred yards, and then we pitch up at the gang-

way, and as I had the tiller, I gave, in the ship slang, a 'daubee long side,' shouting in my best voice 'Bows on.'

At the top of the gangway stands Fiddler, eyeing everyone closely to see that no grub is brought on board, which is a thing strictly against rules. 'What is that you have in your pocket, sir?' says Fiddler to one with a bulge in his jacket. The contents of the pocket in question prove to be chiefly sweets. 'I will look after these for you,' says the petty officer blandly, 'and you will have to appear on deck to-morrow morning.' That unfortunate will probably get 'days three,' which means one hour's running round with a barbell, and a sergeant keeping him steadily on the trot the whole time.

I had a bulged pocket too, and when I reached the top of the ladder Fiddler said, 'How much stodge have you brought on board, Mr. Courtenay?' 'None, hard luck,' said I, carefully turning out every pocket except the bulged one first, and then exhibiting from that pocket an empty tin. Some bulge their pockets with nothing contraband for a few consecutive days, in order to get stodge through without awkward questions on the fourth or fifth day, but that is not playing the game.

Just inside the gangway hang in rows on pegs the lanyards, with keys attached, of the 260 cadets, alphabetically arranged. Though, apparently, most methodically arranged, they have a way of getting terribly mixed up and tangled, and it is quite a piece of luck to get one's lanyard off the peg it hangs upon in less than a minute's time. As soon as I got mine, I went to my chest in the sleeping-deck, which acts as my wardrobe, cabin and all combined. I hastily undressed and slipped along to the bathroom to have a dip. We are not supposed to do this, but on a hot day one does so require an extra splash. When I got back to my chest to finish dressing, a lot of fellows near me were working at their photographic plates, developing. Many are very expert at this art, but I am not a photographer, so I finish up dressing and go to the mess room. As I pass the chief-of-staff's office I enquire for letters. Of course there are none for me, so I pass on, with the empty consolation that I have the less to answer.

TWO BELLS.

In the mess room I find the majority sitting about reading, so I go to my locker and start reading too, but it is not for long, for soon the warning bugle goes, which means five minutes more,

and then 'Fall in' for inspection. Still we go on reading, and then Fiddler comes along, calling 'Clear off,' and away the books have to go. Then we congregate together up the hatches on the main deck. The sentry goes forward to strike 'Two bells' (7 P.M.), and immediately the bugle sounds the 'Fall in.'

We dress up, or back, as the case may be, and are then called to attention. The lieutenant on duty comes round to see that we are all in the proper rig. The 'luff' (lieutenant) passes pretty quickly, and anyone who has left his lanyard behind, or not changed his boots, slips into the rear rank to seek safety if he can. As soon as the brief inspection is over, we are marched down to the mess room, and stand each in front of his seat. The silence gong soon resounds, grace is said, and then the 'Carry on' bugle goes, and we settle down to jam and cream, with the usual clatter of tongues. For the first minute or so the constant cry is, 'After you with the cream,' 'I am before you with the jam,' and so on. This is the last meal of the day, and everyone does it full justice. By half-past seven we have to clear away to our studies. I had finished before the half-hour, so I went and wandered up and down the main deck chatting to chums, as we are not allowed to go to the studies until 'Three bells' strike.

EVENING PREPARATION.

The bugle calls us to study. Some are ready and waiting, while others are still grappling with their tea. Work begins with a deal of slamming of desks, banging of chairs, and other noises which invariably accompany sitting down to work. Some have quite a way to come, as they are in the *Hindustan*. The *Hindustan* is moored end on to the *Britannia*, and the two ships are connected by a covered bridgeway. The *Hindustan* is the abode of the juniors, and they come into the *Britannia* for many purposes, but the seniors, who inhabit the *Britannia*, are not permitted to go into the *Hindustan* except for purposes of study. So the *Hindustan* is a sort of reservation for the juniors. The general arrangements of the two ships are very similar, save that the *Hindustan* has not got a large mess deck. Luckily for me, I have a study in the *Britannia*, so that I have not to journey into the *Hindustan* for anything whatever.

The work we have to prepare is usually written up on the blackboard by the naval instructor. It may be some problems in trigonometry, navigation or nautical astronomy. There are two

hours' preparation in the day, one after breakfast and one after tea. The work done in these two hours depends almost wholly on the cadet himself, so the energetic ones can get a good haul over the slackers by making good use of prep. time. During evening preparation time, the cadet captain (a senior cadet) of each class has to take our logs, which means that he has to enter in a book what every cadet has been doing in the form of exercise during the afternoon. This is to ensure our playing some games and taking exercise. The log is usually got through quickly, though questions sometimes arise as to whether some slacker, who reports that he was at cricket, when he has perhaps only fielded one ball and then retired to the canteen to spend the rest of his afternoon, should not be entered as 'L.,' which is short for 'loafing.'

At eight o'clock the band begins to play just outside the wardroom, which is a deck below, so we get the benefit, or the annoyance, of it at our work. There are about twenty men in the band, and they usually play on string instruments, though they have to be able to play on brass ones as well. A brass band is too noisy on board, but is played on the cricket field on all match days. As soon as the band strikes up, some slacker is sure to ask leave to go and fetch a book. He generally goes off to study the programme of the music, and after about ten minutes may turn up, having forgotten all about the book he went away to fetch. Some begin a subdued conversation, but if any petty officer comes along, silence reigns again, and a great appearance of work is put on. If the talk gets loud, some of the slackers are sure to get run in, and ordered to go 'on deck' next morning when the defaulters' bugle sounds. It is no pleasure to be amongst the defaulters; I have been up once, and that was once too often!

AFTER EVENING PREP.

The hour's preparation passes along, and as the sentry strikes 'One bell' (8.30 P.M.), the bugle sounds to 'Disperse.' With a great slamming of desks the studies are soon cleared, and we go off to amuse ourselves as we like. Some go to learn boxing, some to fencing, some to bayonet exercise, and so on, while others go to the mess room and get out books and papers; others again go to the main deck where the band is playing, and have a dance. I went off with Davey to the main deck, where the band was tuning-up for the Lancers. Some of the officers were just coming

out of the ward room, and two of them came and joined in the Lancers. Officers always much improve the dances, for there is not so much ruxing when they join in.

The band plays the preliminary bars, and while this is going on handkerchiefs are tied round the left arms of half of the dancers to distinguish them as 'ladies,' and, as usual, there was a good deal of quacking as to should be or who should not be 'lady.' This knotty point settled, the Lancers were danced throughout with the greatest energy, and at the end of each figure everyone clapped loudly for the music to 'carry on.' In the figure where the dancers form in lines, we rushed, as usual, madly up and down the deck, barging into everybody who was handy. Several got spills, and then when we got to the 'Grand Chain,' many of us were barely ready, and the dance became one great 'scrap,' which is excellent training, but makes every one very hot.

As soon as it was over, I made a bolt for the mess room, in hope of securing a cushion, but no such luck, as all were occupied. The mess room is usually very quiet at this time, some reading, some writing, some playing chess and so on. Anyone scrapping or ruxing down here gets punished, so there is at least one restful place. The mess room is some hundred feet long, and its breadth is the full beam of the ship. As the band is 'topside' (overhead), we can hear as much of it in the mess room as we want. After the Lancers the band plays a selection of popular airs, and then a polka strikes up, but as I did not want to get too hot just before turning in, I remained peacefully in the mess room. After the polka came 'God Save the King.' Everyone then takes off his cap and stands properly to attention, or keeps on his cap and stands at the 'Salute' facing 'aft,' until the last notes have died away.

EVENING PRAYERS.

After 'God Save the King,' all clear down to the mess room, and we all sit down in our proper places as if for meals, but there is no meal to be had now; it is for evening prayers. Shortly the silence gong is sounded, and we all stand up to await the arrival of the sky pilot. Prayers are soon over, and then we all crowd up the hatches and double away to our chests for turning in.

TURNING IN.

Doubling to the chests for turning in is a very smartly performed evolution, and there is complete silence for a while on

the sleeping deck for each to have time for his prayers. It is just upon three bells (9.30 P.M.), and the sentry goes forward to strike it; then the 'Carry on' gong is sounded and talk begins once more, and such a chatter, like a flock of starlings in September! We have but a bare ten minutes for undressing and turning in, and then the silence gong goes and a hush prevails, and all but a very few lights are turned out. Before getting into my hammock I looked well at the hitch, as I always do, to see that there was no slippery hitch in my gamm, and no pranks played on me. I adjusted mine all right, and saying good-night to Davey, whose hammock is near mine, turned in. Scratchley came in late, in his usual lackadaisical way, and prepared to turn in to his hammock. His tier (row) is just below mine, so I could see him well as I lay. He had no sooner turned in than down he came with a run and a jolly good bump on the deck, which is none too soft. This set all tongues wagging, and the whole deck about him was in an uproar, several petty officers appearing from all quarters to stop the talking, while one of them helped him to readjust his hammock. Then in about five minutes more all is peace and quiet again, and the last lights are out. I begin to feel drowsy. I hear the officers' footsteps as they pass along the deck below, then I hear a dim clinking of lanterns, and 'Four bells' strike. Then I hear the Commander with the chief petty officer and lantern-bearers doing the 'rounds.' A small light becomes visible in the distance, and the procession passes, leaving the sleeping-deck in perfect quietness, save for a slight occasional snore, or an occasional word uttered by some restless sleeper. I think of what a jolly good day I have put in, and what a rattling good life I am having. I think of home, and then I too join the band of happy slumberers, not to awake until the sun is well up in the sky on another fine June morning.

THE MUDALIYAR'S CASE.

LITTLE Batesia sat on her mat under the Pandall making wreaths. She tweaked and tied and twisted the flowers into thick chains, and the rejected stalks lay scattered all over the ground. A pair of friendly green parakeets watched the work from a rod beneath the thatch, and some squirrels in unnecessary fur coats took short cuts quite close to the pretty child.

Suddenly a breath of wind rumbled the tamarind leaves and rustled the palms. The heat of the day was over. Batesia tucked in her last bit of jessamine and jumped up with a happy little scream. The parakeets cried out *Chique-chique!* and a squirrel scampering away looked back at her over its tail. Then she gathered up her garlands and darted into the house.

'Little mother! little mother!' she called, 'hast thou forgotten our Tomasha?'

'What is this talk of Tomashas?' answered her mother from the semi-darkness of an inner room; 'canst thou talk of Tomashas, light of my life, when thy father is even now at court with that vile woman, the Malabar witch-woman, for his enemy? Who can tell how the law will go? Perhaps this evil one will cast spells on thy father, Ai! Ai! Ai! or on the Vakeel, nay, even on the assistant Doré!'

Batesia stood by the charpoy on which her mother was lying. 'Thou art the foolish one to talk this way! These flowers are for the neck of my father, who wins his case. He is a good man. The Penalcode is just. The English Doré does not mind this witch-woman one little bit of rice! Therefore, O my mother, we will have Tomasha!'

'Thou mayst be right, my princess; little ones sometimes have reason,' agreed the poor woman, and she sat up and began clubbing her hair into a great lump upon one side of her head. Her eyes were blood-shot, but she smiled. 'Behold!' she said, 'thy mother hath not forgotten to prepare for the feast.' Batesia clapped her hands, then stroked her mother's face lovingly.

'Ah, bah! I am but wax in thy little hands,' Rungamma cried, feeling all the better for her child's sweet assurance, and she got up and arranged her cloth, whilst Batesia opened a gaily painted box and took out her two greatest treasures. 'Equeen'

was a flaxen-haired doll with blankly blue eyes, her gown was red satin, and the clumsy little crown upon her head was made of real gold. 'Eprinchie' was a sailor boy of a different composition; his subtle glass eyes had strange lights in them. Batesia clasped the two dolls lovingly in her arms and skipped off into the garden; her mother followed with the garlands and chatties.

Cinna Swami, the gardener, came running towards them. 'Ohé, Ohé, Rungamma,' he called, and Rungamma stretched out her slender arms in alarm as if to keep off evil news.

Cinna Swami was an under-dressed man; however, his dark skin seemed to cover all deficiencies. At this moment he was trying to hide his white-toothed smile with an earthy hand.

'What is thy news?' cried Rungamma shrilly, for her heart was beating loud.

'The case is finished, the Tabook Peon has told me over the wall; the Shiristadar also says the same.'

Batesia ran to her mother, 'My father has won!' she said, in a clear jubilant tone.

'The Mudaliyar has won!' Cinna Swami asserted triumphantly; then, with a tongue rolling at the back of his throat he told them how Cheeru, the vile woman, had been fined, 'ah, bah! plenty rupees! and how with her craft she had threatened to turn the Mudaliyar into a mud lizard, and how the young collector Doré had begun to look like a bat, when, luckily, the Vakeel snapped his fingers in her face and so turned the spell.'

This and much else did Cinna Swami impart. Rungamma swayed to and fro in terror as she heard these tales, but Batesia picked up her garland; she was only just in time, for there, coming through the door in the wall, was the Mudaliyar. The child flew down the path to meet him. He caught her with two hands round the little bare waist and lifted her into the air. In this way she dropped her wreath over his head. Rungamma hurried up, looking wistfully, at her husband.

'I am thy man,' he said guessing her fears; 'the Malabar witch hath not changed one hair. Bah! she is a foolish woman and hath lost rupees'; then he laughed.

'Thou art brave!' Rungamma exclaimed, with admiration at his indifference.

'Shoo!' he replied, feeling a hero, 'I only did my duty. This is what the collector Doré says; this is his word. Hey! Soomasoondrum, if more men like you would only *tackel* these

witch-women, the law would soon cure them. This is better than tooth-breaking or beating with castor-oil rods. And I say all that is true, your honour, only these poor devils fear the evil eye, so they make bunder-bust.'

An interested group listened to Soomasoondrum's wise remarks, for the servants had quickly gathered to welcome him. Batesia patted his turban and whispered, 'O, brave father! give these a sheep to rejoice with!' Her word was law. 'Ho! Cinna Swami,' he cried, 'the flower of the garden decrees that a sheep must be eaten to-night.' Cinna Swami's white teeth seemed more extensive than ever.

The Mudaliyar turned to his wife, 'And thou, mother of my little one, shalt have a new jewel,' he said. She was still looking at him with awe.

'And what for thy daughter?' asked the little one gaily.

'All that she desires,' her father replied, for he certainly was also like wax in her hands.

'Then shalt thou come to my Tomasha,' Batesia cried, remembering her dolls left in solitary state.

'That may I not do,' Soomasoondrum said, remorsefully, 'for even now does Raman wait to receive the news from me. It is important. I must give order.'

'True,' said Rungamma, 'he is thy tenant whom thou hast protected.'

'Then I go also,' Batesia decided, 'in the bullock bandi with thee; and the little mother will care for Equeen and Eprinchie.'

Soomasoondrum was good-looking. He had a benevolent smile and a shrewd glance. His prosperous waist showed clearly to the Indian eye that he had wealth and position, for in the East stoutness ennobles. As he sat in the coach opposite his little treasure there could be no happier man. Everything had come to him, and without long waiting, for he was still in the prime of life; richer than even people guessed, and father of a young son who had already begun to gather in rupees. To crown all, he was father of this loveliest girl-child.

Little Batesia was sitting with tucked-up feet on the cushion, radiant with happiness, singing softly to herself. It was a quaint Tamil song—

If the bird hath no feathers, how shall it fly?

The Mudaliyar listened, and then said: 'Thou must learn

English songs, my tender one, for thou art a Christian and thy godmother is an English lady.'

'I have learnt,' she replied, nodding her head gravely. 'Shall I sing about the *little male*?'

Her father beamed assent, and she piped :

Where are loo zoing to my pretty male,
Where are loo zoing to ?
I'm zoing amiltin, sir, she say.
My ishbusiness for toloo, toloo,
My ishbusiness for toloo.

Say willoo marry me my pretty male,
Say willoo marry me ?
Oyessifoo plea kin' sir, she say,
Oh ! I illmarry loo—o—o !
Oh ! I illmarry loo.

'Aha !' cried the Mudaliyar, wagging his head. He was delighted.

By this time the bullocks had taken them well out into the country, jogging steadily along a level road between two lakes. The sunset sky was reflected in the waters. Batesia twisted her neck to watch the solemn flight of birds high, high up in the air. 'Were they going to heaven?' she asked. Her father thought not.

But her eyes were soon obliged to come down to the earth, for yelping pariah dogs and shouting merry children hurried out to receive the Mudaliyar as he passed through the village.

Raman, the tenant, was sitting on his heels in front of his mud-walled house waiting for news.

Soomasoondrum descended from the coach in a heavy pompous way. All the villagers were impressed by his dignity and by his beautiful Nellore bullocks.

It was a long time before the important talk was finished, and when at last the Mudaliyar came back, still having 'last words,' the daylight had gone and the moon had risen.

Batesia was asleep, stretched out upon the cushions, with the moonlight bright on her face. Her father climbed up into the coach (noiselessly, as fat men can), and took her in his arms. She awoke in a moment, and her nimble wits knew where she was, although her eyes were full of sleep.

'What wonder is this?' she asked, 'the sun was in the sky

just now, and lo! I open my eyes and the white moon is here. Who gave order to change this way so quick?'

'It is the way of life,' Soomasoondrum replied, 'first one thing, then another, now food, then famine. Soon these waters will be drawn away, and maybe no rain will bless the land.'

His thoughts reverted to the last season, when the crops had failed.

Batesia went on with the idea—

'Now the moon has no clouds, soon little clouds coming from one corner,' her eyes strayed over the pale moon-lit sky, and then down to a dark building which rose against it.

'What is that black hill?' she asked.

'Huh! little sleepy one, that is no hill. Yonder is the Tunkum, the place of pure gold! Though where the gold is only the wicked Rajah knows, and he is gone. He was a proud Rajah! When, because of his bad ways, the English Government scolding—E-E-E? He put his big diamonds in his mouth. G-m-n-m! they went down his throat, and he died in the dark place beneath.'

Batesia clutched at her father. He smiled at her fright, and went on:

'Often in days gone by have I crept up the long steps fearing the bulldog lying hidden at the top; many times have I fled before that Shaitan. But Essmith Doré was a good gentleman; a great Shikar! He would talk about many things to me sitting on my chair thinking of the dark place beneath. *There* was the treasure wasting! That was a sad thought. But devils slept there also, therefore no one had courage. Snakes there were. One night two punkah-wallahs going up the high stairs saw a cobra slipping, slipping on in front. Then came Essmith Doré, with his gun, and shot up the narrow stair and the big snake leaped and fell. The sound went round—Poum! Poum! and every stone did speak.'

'I fear! I fear!' cried Batesia, nestling up to her father.

'Poh, what harm to thee? But the Rajah down below was angry, and he woke up and his spirit walked.'

Then she cried again: 'My father! my father!'

But Soomasoondrum loved the feel of the little clinging creature, and went on.

'Ho! the wicked Rajah walked, and the jewels he had swallowed shone in his bones like big stars! This the Doresanné saw; then did she become very sick, and all the people saying she

must die. But Ramswami prayed two nights, and, behold, the lady grew well !'

The Doresanné's recovery gladdened Batesia. 'Dost thou know, O my father, why the sick lady grew well ? Ramswami only praying to false god. Then the true God listening said, "Poor man ; he knows nothing ! he thinks the false god can hear, but his prayer is good. I will answer !" Seest thou, O wise father, this is how it came to pass ?'

Soomasoondrum looked with admiration at his little Christian. 'Thou wilt grow up even as thy godmother desires,' he said fondly ; then he added : 'and thou art all my heart can wish.'

The driver had chosen another way to return ; it brought them not far from the gloomy Tunkum, and as they passed they saw a tall man striding up the broad banyan avenue that led to it.

'Hi ! hi ! stay !' Soomasoondrum called out ; and the coach stopped whilst he got out and hurried as fast as his dignity would allow him.

'Daood Khan !' he cried ; 'Phwee-h ! a word with thee. Thou art the very man I want.'

Daood Khan turned back at this summons, and the two men began to talk.

Now little Batesia did not like being left alone, for she was afraid of the Rajah's wicked spirit. When a light suddenly shone from the dark building she jumped out of the coach in a panic to run to her father. And as she did so an evil creature sprang from the darkness, and, howling, leaping, and foaming at the mouth, poured out curses upon the child of Soomasoondrum. It was Cheeru, the Malabar witch-woman. Daood Khan was the first to reach her, and with his great hand flung her violently away. He could stay to do no more, for Batesia lay still upon the ground like a little bird shot through the heart. Then Soomasoondrum came, but it was Daood Khan who picked up the sweet thing and hurried to the coach. 'Get in,' he said to the poor father, who seemed to have lost his senses. However, he stumbled into his place, and for the second time that evening held the child in his arms—her cheek pressed against the withered garland.

'Drive on, drive ! ye son of a lame dog. Beat ! spare not !' shouted Daood Khan as the bullocks started. He ran ahead like the wind, and sent the first man he saw for the English doctor.

'Allah! Allah!' he cried, as he raced on to bear the news to Rungamma. She was waiting at the door in the wall, and she knew before he told her—for her heart had not warned her in vain.

When the doctor arrived Batesia was still unconscious, but before long she showed signs of recovery. The doctor hastily disappeared. 'Don't alarm her now, d'ye see? Let her think it all right, and give her this to drink. I think, Mudaliyar, I'll just take a stroll in your garden.'

The air smelt sweet with tuberose and gardenia. Dr. Filiben paced up and down, putting what he had heard together. Presently Soomasoondrum, with his turban all awry, came to him. The child was sleeping.

'You go to your bed,' the kind doctor said, cheerily, 'and very likely I may call early in the morning.'

But when he came again, and it was early, Batesia was in a fever. 'She does not move,' Rungamma said; 'she does not move.'

The fever was conquered, however, and the delirium that was with it; but the powerlessness remained.

'The result of fever and fright,' Dr. Filiben explained; 'we shall have to try a battery.' And he was disappointed when he found this fail.

'We must cheer her up,' he said to the unhappy parents, 'raise her spirits and she'll raise herself. D'ye see that now?'

Mr. Howard called one morning. He had tried the case, and had laughed at the woman's threats; and now he was shocked at the tragedy of the thing.

'May I see your little daughter?' he asked Soomasoondrum, as he stood talking to him at the garden door. Soomasoondrum was delighted at the idea, for Howatt Doré (as the natives called him) besides being courteous and well-spoken had an appearance of dazzling freshness. His close-cropped hair shone like gold, his pink and white complexion defied the Indian sun, the colour of his eyes was the clear blue of a baby's, and his red lips, hidden by no moustache, showed milk-white teeth when he smiled! And his clothes seemed to share in the general freshness. Everything about him was smart, and fitted his well set-up figure.

Little Batesia was lying on a bamboo cot, which had been placed for her on the flat roof of the house. She was astonished at the sight of the new visitor. The only other Englishman whom

she had seen was the missionary. He was very good and kind, but he suffered from prickly heat, and was always warm. She admired this big white Doré.

The doctor was very pleased at finding the young civilian there, and said so.

'Ye may do a grand thing here,' he declared, 'and leave me and my battery behind, for I have not a doubt of it that it is a case of nerves. If only she could be stirred to make an effort. The little darling!'

After this Howatt Doré paid almost daily visits to the child with all sorts of odds and ends in his pockets to amuse her. An extraordinary penwiper made by his little sister, his diamond fox pin and a note book in which he drew pictures. His friends declared he was scarcely safe in their rooms with his mania for collecting little things.

One afternoon Soomasoondrum carried Batesia down the grass walk to a little Tope further on, where his choice grafted mangoes and Guindy plantains grew. Cinna Swami and the water-carrier were busy close by at the well. The sing-song and the creak and plash seemed to harmonise with the surroundings. But Batesia was silent. It was the first time she had been there since the dolls' Tomasha; she was perhaps thinking of that happy afternoon. Soomasoondrum assumed an air of unnatural liveliness. Batesia wondered sometimes over her father's noisy, strange manner. Poor man! his heart was breaking, and he played the fool badly.

It was a great relief to him when he saw Howatt Doré coming towards them. His terrier, 'Bop,' followed at his heels.

'How do you do, Mudaliyar,' he said, 'I have brought my dog Bop to show to little Barley Sugar. What a ripping place to bring her to! Don't you like being here, little one? Shall I stay and read my Tapal before I go on for tennis?'

Batesia looked at him smiling; she liked being called Barley Sugar.

Howatt Doré sat down. 'Look here, Barley Sugar, I have taught Bop to sit up (sit up, Bop, and look amiable! There!) Well! although you and I are such friends you have not yet sat up once to please me. Try. I'll give you a lesson now!' as he spoke he put out his arm, 'Come, catch hold with your little paws and see how high you can sit.' Batesia put up her hands obediently, but a look of terror came into her face, and she let

them drop. 'I can nott! I can nott!' she said hopelessly, 'becalause vile woman curlursing my bones.'

'You silly little owl,' Howatt Doré protested, in the tenderest way, 'it is only that you are such a precious coward—if that vile woman cursed you till she was blue in the face she could not really hurt you. Now try again!'

'I can nott!' wept the little creature.

Howatt Doré lent forward with his hands on his knees. 'Well—she has frightened you, that is clear. What shall we do to the wicked old thing?'

Batesia paused a moment, then said softly, 'Cinna Swami saying can nott find now. That woman quick turning into esnake—perhaps gone to wicked Rajah House.'

'But, Barley Sugar,' Howatt Doré remonstrated, 'you know that is foolish talk.'

The child continued, 'Cinna Swami saying when she coming back plenty people cutting plenty stick.'

'By Jove! to beat her with?'

'And Cinna Swami getting big hook.'

'What? to swing her with?'

'Cinna Swami saying yes. I saying no. For why? I curlis-chian child. I forgive.'

'Quite right, quite right,' Howatt Doré approved. 'You are a dear good little person. But Daood Khan has got his eye upon the old Horror. He'll bring her to me. You don't mind my taking her in hand, do you?'

Batesia's eyes fell upon his hands as he spoke. 'You may. Your hands are white and curlean,' she replied, and they certainly were, with pink nails such as no Indian ever had.

'And now that is settled,' Howatt Doré said cheerfully, 'I am going to look at my letters. Here is a picture paper for you. Just come all the way from England.'

Batesia became quite cheerful. She found a picture that she wanted to hear about. Soomasoondrum sitting on the ground explained. It was the Queen visiting the soldiers in Netley Hospital. Howatt Doré left the father and child happy together, and went rather late to his tennis. On his way home he met the collector, who said:

'I've just sent you some papers, Howard; I hope you will be able to start early to-morrow. You'll see that it is important.'

He had to go, of course, and he went to the doctor's bungalow

after dinner to tell him. The doctor was furious. 'I can't spare you,' he said; 'you are my assistant partner, and just as you are about to work miracles! I have been to the Mudaliyar's to-night and found the poor little young child a world better.'

Howard was pleased. 'We talked about the whole affair and I bullied her. Thought it did her good, poor little kiddie!'

'And so it did,' agreed the doctor, 'gets it off her nerves. These neurotic cases want a deal of tact, and a bright and beautiful ornament like yourself is the one to use it!'

Howard smoked in silence for a minute, and then asked: 'You don't think there is anything radically wrong?'

'Ornoo!' the doctor replied hastily, in a soft deprecating Irish voice, 'Ornoo! You'll see how she'll be getting over it with care. It is nothing but hysteria—so I think.'

'Hysteria doesn't seem the right word, Filiben, for, don't you know, she has such a lot of self-control and all that sort of thing.'

'But that word means much,' the doctor explained, 'and I declare I shall have a touch of it myself, if you are going against me like this. Faith! I'll write a medical certificate that you are unfit for duty!'

Howard laughed.

'Tell the little thing that I have ordered more pictures for her, and a box of soldiers from Madras!'

Dr. Filiben watched Howard as he left the compound. 'And to think I'll have to fill the place of that young Apollo!' he murmured.

He did his best, however, when he paid his next visit. After making professional inquiries, he sat down by a lovely plumbago bush and pulled a 'Graphic' out of his bulgy pocket.

At that time every paper was filled with soldier pictures. And the doctor knew all about them! Each man had a thrilling history of his own, and to each was given a well-deserved reward.

The sick soldiers visited by her Majesty recovered at once, and the Queen made gracious speeches to them all.

When the soldiers arrived, spick and span, from Madras, and the Queen in her bath chair was cut out of the picture and stuck upon cardboard with a prop, a great review took place.

The wounded soldiers lay on the ground until spoken to by their sovereign, after which they 'got well' and took their places in the ranks. Then Dr. Filiben sang 'The Soldiers of the Queen,' and finished off with the national air. His voice was a touching

tenor, which appealed to ears trained and untrained. Rungamma's soft eyes were fixed upon the child, who seemed strangely excited.

Cinna Swami stole after the doctor as he was leaving and presented him with a large white button-hole.

'Now what are ye giving me this for?' he asked.

But Cinna Swami could only ejaculate 'Ah bah!' and try to hide his mouth whilst the doctor worked the big stalks into his coat.

Good ugly little man! his brown holland coat humped up at the neck, and his trousers were all crumpled and baggy; but the beauty of a kind heart showed in his face. On his way home he met two young civilians.

'Hullo, Filiben!' they called out, 'have you come from your wedding?'

'Ornoo,' he replied, looking down at his white flowers; 'not so bad as all that; but I have just been visiting a *poor little wee sick child* who is paying the costs of her father's law suit.'

The next day many inquiries were made of the doctor about the *little wee sick child*. But with his happy, obtuse Irish nature he saw no jokes, good or bad, unless they were explained to him. He could only make them.

But Batesia did not thrive, she lost interest in everything; the soldiers even. Rungamma told the doctor so, in her halting English.

'No very better, eating no, talking no, onalee thinking, thinking plentee too much.'

Soomasoundrum at the other end of the garden was weakly crying. The doctor became distracted.

'Now what in the world are ye about?' he said sharply; 'do you want to depress the poor baby? And I'm thinking of a plan that will do her a deal more good than that! There is a friend of mine now in Madras. He is a grand doctor, he is! And what with travelling in a train, and looking here and looking there, why, a journey would do a cure in itself!'

The doctor's soft, breathless brogue, and his decorative way of puttings things carried comfort to the father, and he agreed to the plan. But, although partly reassured, he could not sleep that night. At last he crept into the child's room. A cocoa-nut oil lamp sufficiently lit up the place for him to see Rungamma lying on the ground by the side of the cot, motionless in her tightly wrapped blanket. Batesia was lying high upon red pillows, and her lovely little face seemed to him too beautiful to be looked at.

He squatted down and buried his head in his arms; then a fear came to him, and he listened nervously. Her breathing could be heard, but it was irregular, and a sudden sob made him bold enough to look at her. Although her eyes were shut she was not asleep, and below the long lashes he could see traces of tears.

'Thou art not asleep, little flower of the night,' he said tenderly. 'Dost thou dream? Tell thy father of what thou art thinking.'

Batesia felt for his hand. 'I am thinking, my father, of the great Equeen,' she murmured.

'Aha!' cried Soomasoondrum, relieved, 'and thou hast not forgotten Eprinchie her son?'

'It is of the great Equeen only that I think; and of her soldiers. She has looked at them and, behold, they are well! O little father! if she could look on me—I too should be well. But now, never—never'; then she sobbed outright.

'Shu! shu!' he said soothingly, 'thou shalt be well by the full of the moon, my princess.'

Batesia continued, still sobbing: 'It was in the light of the moon that the evil woman cursed my bones. Now only the great Equeen can make them well.'

Soomasoondrum felt the little form begin to tremble.

'Then shall we go to England,' he said decidedly.

'How can we go to England, O my father!'

'This can we do, thou, I and thy mother. I say true word.' He spoke with conviction, and with a swift joy in thinking there was something clearly to be done.

Batesia began to coo 'My father, my father'; but the overflow of tears could not so quickly be dried—she smiled and shook and sobbed.

Her father hushed her. 'Shu shu! Thou must sleep now, and thy father must make ready. Sleep, sleep, my little star, sleep, sleep—sleep whilst thy father maketh plans. First the train, then the big ship. Thou shalt travel as a rich man's daughter.'

'O best of fathers, art thou rich?'

'On this journey thy father is rich. Everyone asking, Who is this rich Indian gentleman? His wife hath costly shawls worth thousand rupees. Her jewels are shining; and for the little daughter, ah, bah! nothing is good enough! Then by and by the great Equeen, looking at this family, will smile and——'

Soomasoondrum ceased speaking, for a fluttering breath came from Batesia's lips. The pretty child was asleep.

As the father withdrew, the mother emerged from her blanket and softly slid into his place. She had heard all. It mattered little to her where they went so long as her child recovered.

After a few hours' sleep Soomasoondrum hurried off to see the doctor. He was having tea in his veranda, looking humpier than ever in the early morning stiffness of freshly washed brown holland.

'So you are taking my little small wee patient away from me, Mudali?' he said, when he heard the decision. 'Anyhow, I'm not the one to blame ye—for haven't I told you now it is all a matter of nerves? Well, well, you are a father in a thousand! May your journey be a success, and blessings attend it!'

Soomasoondrum lost no time in making arrangements. He knew very well what to do, for he had often assisted in sending off English families. He put his affairs in order, and telegraphed for a cabin, and he engaged a servant, a Madrasee, who had had much experience in travelling. The coach and bullocks sold for twice as much as he had given for them. He seemed to attract money. Only that morning a post brought a letter from his bankers telling him of a large sum made by one of his recent transactions. He chuckled when he remembered the child's question: 'Art thou rich, O best of fathers?'

Howatt Doré had been kept longer out in the district than he had expected. When he arrived at the Rajahram station early one morning (fresh and fair as usual, although he had been travelling all night) he was astonished to see Soomasoondrum on the platform.

'Hullo!' he called out; 'what are you doing here, Mudaliyar? And how is little Barley Sugar?'

Soomasoondrum answered puffily, 'She is here, your honour,' and he pointed to her in the arms of an important looking man. 'We are going to England, your honour,' he spoke hurriedly, and climbed up into the carriage.

'To see the great Equeen,' little Batesia added, smiling at Howatt Doré over the servant's shoulder as he followed his master.

Rungamma went last.

'The doctor must tell me all about this,' Howatt Doré said; and as he spoke he saw him jump into the next compartment.

'Is Rajahram deserted?' Howatt Doré asked, 'and are you off to England also, Filiben?'

'Only as far as Madras, worse luck,' replied the doctor, looking down at him. His chin was black with court plaster—he had cut himself horribly whilst shaving. Howard could hear no more, he had to stand back, for some natives, bent upon travelling, were hurrying to and fro like frightened fowls.

It was only when on board that the Mudaliyar's active mind took rest—complete, overpowering rest—for he was too ill to think about anything. After a few days of unspeakable wretchedness, however, he became better, and then he was able to go up on deck. Batesia was there, comfortably arranged upon her pretty pillows, Rungamma, in a white *saré*, sat by her child. Lazarus was a satisfactory servant. Already the little one seemed better, she was no longer listless. A good deal of interest was taken in the *Indians* by the passengers on board. Mrs. Martin (or Mrs. Martinet, as she was generally called) was the first to speak to them. She very soon knew the Soomasoondrum story, and took a kind, common-sense view of it.

'You only did your duty, Mr. Soomasoondrum, in having that woman brought before the magistrate, but you were wrong in letting the child be out so late. *That was a fault*, punctuality is so particularly desirable for young children. *In bed by eight*. That is the time, Mrs. Soomasoondrum; and if only you had taught the important lesson of obedience, *ready obedience*, why, you would not have had any trouble like this. Nonsense! You would have said *jump up*, and the child would have jumped up without thinking. *Implicit obedience*. That is what I insist upon, ask the Colonel if I do not.'

'Mrs. Martin most certainly does,' the Colonel said quickly. He was her great admirer, and a meek little man. He desired nothing better than to be sheltered by his masterly wife and to back her statements.

'As to the woman's curses,' Mrs. Martin continued, 'they were really nothing to mind. Tramps curse everywhere on the English highroads, and I have heard people *who ought to know better* say very strange things. You should hear some of our soldiers' wives. Dreadful!'

'Dreadful!' echoed the Colonel.

Mrs. Martin nodded to him. 'You need not wait,' she said; 'I am going to stay with the child.' And she produced a pair of scissors and scraps of paper, and cut out tables and chairs and all sorts of odd things.

One morning, when Lazarus carried Batesia up on deck she saw a tall lady coming towards her, holding a child by the hand. Her arm was stretched out at full length, for he was skipping and jumping like a kid at the end of its tether.

Batesia's little heart pattered wildly.

This beautiful boy must be Eprinchie!

He was dressed in a white sailor suit, and his golden curls fell over the square collar. His cheeks were pink, and his eyes shone. Oh! he was many times more beautiful than her Eprinchie left behind in a box. This was the real one.

Whilst she was looking at him, he caught sight of her, and wheeling suddenly right in front of his mother asked in an audible whisper, who that little girl was?

'I don't know, darling,' his mother replied; 'but I am afraid she is ill. Shall we go and see?'

He lost no time and went off without waiting, and said: 'How do you do? I am sorry you are ill. Where do you come from?'

Batesia panted a little, 'Folum Madras, your honour.'

'I come from Egypt,' he went on, making conversation, 'and I have widden a tamel. Have you widden a tamel?'

'No-a,' Batesia answered humbly.

Lazarus interposed: 'This little female child, Tamil child, onalee daughter of rich man.'

Humphrey did not understand; he continued: 'Joseph went to Egypt, so did Moses and me and Mum.'

'Moses is dead,' Batesia murmured, glad to know something.

'Ewevyone is dead in the Old Tessamin,' Humphrey said, with an air of superior knowledge. He was indeed a Prince. Then Batesia ventured to say: 'Perlease, your honour, is the gereat Equeen your gereat mother, sitting in black chair in this ship?'

Humphrey was puzzled. Lazarus explained, 'This amusing little lady thinking that your honour's parent is the gereat Queen.'

Humphrey showed all his little white teeth laughing.

'Do you weally fink I am the Pwince of Wales? You silly little girl! He is a gwon up man! eighty! twenty! ten years old! I am sits! and my name is Humfy Mawylands.'

At this climax Lady Marylands came up.

'She finks I am the Pwince of Wales,' cried Humphrey, pulling his mother's gown.

'Never mind,' she replied, trying to repress him. Then she spoke to Batesia.

'You dear little thing, I am afraid you are ill. Are you going to England?'

'I want to see the gereat Equeen,' Batesia replied, pathetically; her voice trembled, for the excitement had upset her.

'And why do you want to see her?' Lady Marylands asked.

Batesia's face assumed a look of strange fixity, the scene that her baby mind had arranged came clearly before her.

'First the peons and the horses, then the gereat Equeen in big carriage. What for that little child there, gereat Equeen asking. Then I saying—O gereat Equeen! look upon poor little subject, evil woman curlursing my bones! gereat Equeen blessing making well. Ever paray.'

The wailing child voice brought tears into Lady Marylands' eyes. She knelt down and kissed the little clasped hands. She did not understand what the trouble was, and could only caress her.

Then Soomasoondrum came, sleek and shining from the hands of a barber, and explained everything to Lady Marylands, standing a little away from the children.

Humphrey, who had been carefully listening to Batesia, questioned her on the subject.

'Were you pwaying to false gods?'

'No-a!' she replied, reproachfully, 'I do not paray to false gods. I was paraying to the great Equeen to make little subject well. That is why going to Englands.'

'You should pway to God,' Humphrey said solemnly; 'He can hear you anywhere, ever so far off, in Injah even! But of course the Queen can only hear you when you go twite close.'

Batesia had her reason for going to England, 'God putting gereat Equeen on fronie to listen to foor subjects'; and that sounded right enough to Humphrey.

Those were happy days for Batesia with the white sailor boy taking care of her. He had a tender heart, full of chivalry for the helpless little girl. Besides, he found she was an excellent listener, and she never 'contadickied' him as his sister at home dared to do. Batesia admired all that he said and did, and when on Sunday he pulled off his hat devoutly and sang hymns, she thought that if he were not the Prince he was at all events very like an angel. She knew, however, that angels never wore trousers. The missionary's wife had plenty of their pictures, and they were dressed quite differently. The weather became very disagreeable, and there was a storm which upset everything—Soomasoondrum

most of all—and it grew intensely cold. But one afternoon, when the sea was smoother, Lazarus carried Batesia up on deck to stay for a short time. Humphrey, with very pink cheeks, ran to welcome her. He said:

‘What do you fink? Your Howatt Doré is my uncle George! Isn’t that fummie? I remember him twite well. He shot with a gun. I yooked at him. Aren’t you glad you are coming to us? I am. You are to stay in the norf lodge, the Taptain says he would like to live there. I wish you could wun about. But never mind! Adie will play with you. She is eight years old and bigger than me! She loves dolls, and perhaps you will have a tea-party.’

Only a few hours later the captain went up to Lady Marylands. He looked very grave and said bluntly: ‘There is bad news. The Queen is dead.’

‘Dead!’ repeated Lady Marylands, ‘oh! are you quite sure?’

He nodded, and gave her a paper that the pilot had brought, and passed on without speaking.

Soomasoondrum was on deck when he heard the news—his thoughts flew to his little one. Here was an end to all their hopes. He staggered to a seat breathing heavily.

‘The por Rindo’s took bad,’ a sailor told the steward as he hurried by; and the steward, full of sympathy, went to see to him. Everyone knew the reason of the Mudaliyar’s journey.

Lady Marylands also thought of Batesia—little Batesia with her one idea. She went down and knocked at the cabin door. Rungamma opened it softly. ‘The child has fever,’ she said, ‘talking, sleeping, talking.’ Then Lady Marylands drew her away and broke the news.

‘Ai! Ai! Ai!’ was all Rungamma could say, and Lady Marylands found it very difficult to go on speaking.

‘You must not tell the little one yet,’ she said, ‘keep her down here, and the children can tell her when we are at Marylands, they will do it best.’ As she spoke she placed her hand affectionately upon Rungamma’s shoulder, and after a little pause said: ‘There remains our gracious Princess. The new—new Queen.’

But when the time came for going on shore Batesia was still feverish, and the doctor advised her staying the night at Southampton. He told the Mudaliyar of a little inn close to the station kept by some people he knew. ‘You will find them very obliging,’ he said, and so they were. Batesia was carried to a comfortable bed-room where a good fire was burning in a large

old-fashioned grate. The warmth cheered her as she lay in the midst of blankets.

Lazarus went to fetch some coffee, and Rungamma began to unpack her curious bundles.

Presently a rosy-cheeked chambermaid hurried into the room. 'Would you like some hot water?' she asked; 'and is there anything I can do for you?' Then she caught sight of Batesia. 'Well, I never!' she exclaimed, 'you are a picture! a regular little heastern princess! You have never been in England before, have you, dearie? And to think of your coming at such a time, with our *good Queen lying dead*.'

Rungamma sprang up from her unpacking and signed silence. Her face was wild with emotion. It amazed the chambermaid.

'Heathen nations have odd manners,' she thought, and she left the room, feeling hurt. At the door she met Soomasoondrum who had come cautiously upstairs rather breathless. He went in and sat down by the fire.

The Queen was dead.

The little one seemed to be asleep.

Rungamma stood by the bedside.

A gilt clock ticked noisily on the chimneypiece, and Soomasoondrum began to doze.

Then all of a sudden Batesia opened her eyes.

'O my father! my mother!' she cried, 'the gereat Equeen is calling.'

As she spoke the sweet slip of a child jumped up in the bed. Her head was thrown back, her arms were out-stretched, and she seemed about to fly. Soomasoondrum was only just in time to catch her.

George Howard had been away from Rajahram upon short leave. He was now finishing it off at Madras, where he had come to meet a cousin who was to arrive that day from England. Whilst he ate his breakfast at the club, he read a letter which he had just received from Dr. Filiben. It was all about the *poor little small wee child*, and had evidently been written in a hurry.

Dear Apollo,—My old friend Goodgame has been staying here, and I have told him about little Batesia. He says it is without doubt a pure case of hypnotism, the clearest he has ever met with, and he is a big man on the subject.

'Hypnotisation by the excitement of the sense of sight' (the old scarecrow's sudden and awful appearance).

'By excitement of the sense of hearing.' (Curses seem to have been Cheeru's

great speciality, the child dwelt upon the cursing of her bones.) 'And also hypnotisation by the operator's personality' (which was everything it ought not to be). And the poor little small child had heard such fearful tales of the old woman's ghastly powers, that her tender young mind *contributed to the success of the action*. The wonder is that the child has not been killed by the strain, but now that the old witch is no more, I hope and trust it will all come right.

In hot, very hot haste, yours,

P. FILIBEN.

Howard put the letter in his pocket. 'Good old Filiben,' he thought, 'he has a warm heart as well; what he writes is very curious. Poor little Barley Sugar! I hope she is skipping about at Marylands by this time.'

Then he drove down to the landing-place, and almost the first person he saw was Soomasoondrum Mudaliyar.

Soomasoondrum, grown old, with stooping shoulders and shuffling step. A woman with a shawl drawn over her face followed him. Lazarus, looking hideous in a black turban, was close by.

Howard went up to them. 'What! back again so soon Mudali?' he said; 'and how——'

Then he stopped, for he suddenly understood.

Soomasoondrum began to answer, but his voice was high and weak, and no words would come. Lazarus gesticulated from behind.

Little Barley Sugar!

Howard forgot his cousin, and walked with his head bent by the Mudaliyar's side. He asked no questions, but Lazarus came near and explained to him.

'Dying after Queen—first hearing news.'

Howard made no answer; then he remembered something, 'Cheeru died at that time'—he spoke as if to himself. Soomasoondrum looked at him in a dull, dazed way.

'She was killed by lightning,' Howard added.

Soomasoondrum flung up his arms.

'My enemy is dead,' he cried in a harsh, exulting voice; 'the child hath won her case, the Queen judging.'

His eyes flashed. He straightened his back and walked on proudly. Rungamma followed with her face hidden.

ANNE.

